Carol Burnett's farewell to her dying mother

TV RADIO MIRROR

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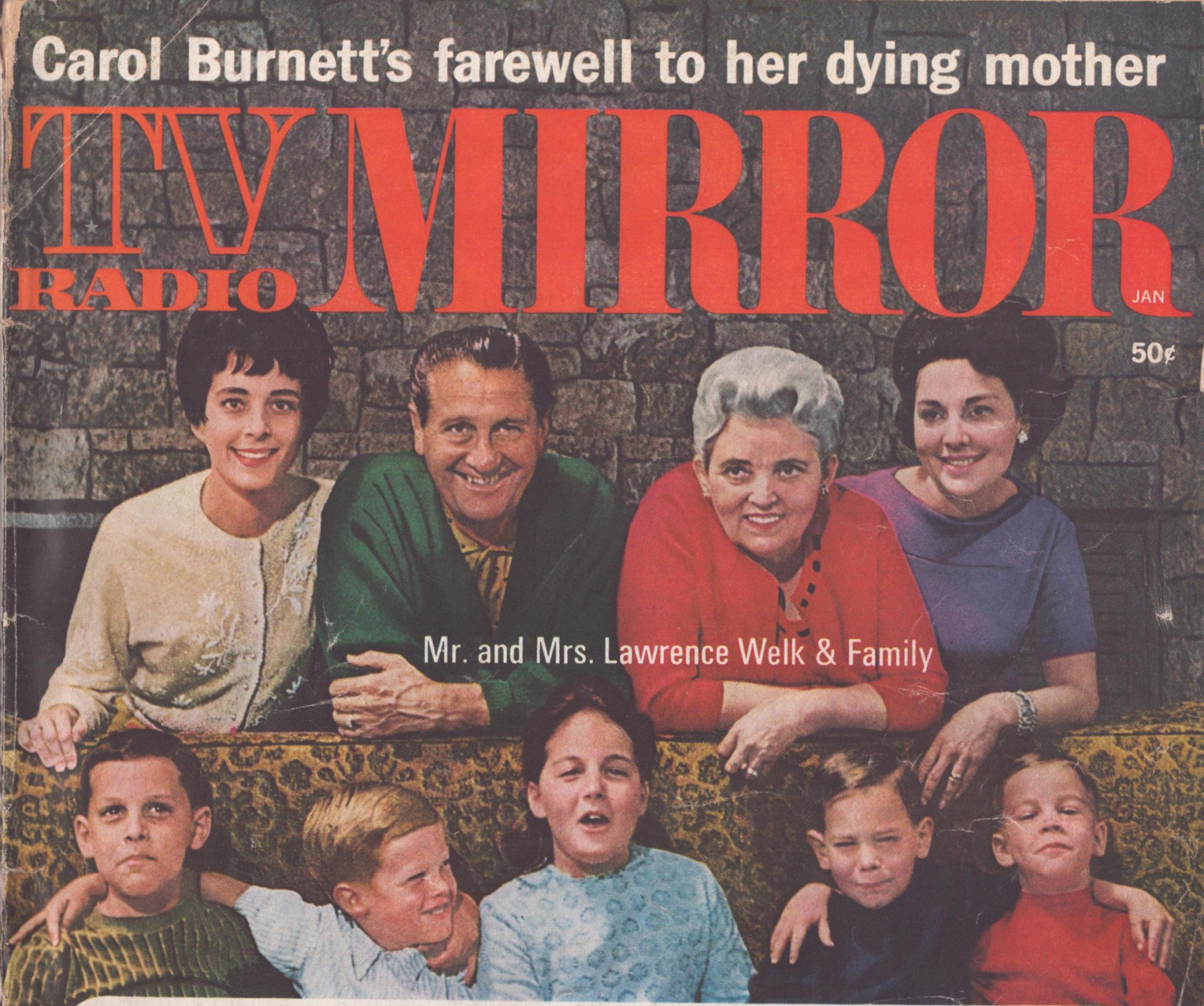

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TV RADIO MIRROR

two magazines in one

JANUARY, 1968 | MIDWEST EDITION | VOL. 68, NO. 2

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SUBDUE®: FOR SHEER BEAUTY FROM HEAD-TO-TOE

Earl Wilson's INSIDE STORY

The spectacular climb that **Joey Bishop** has made on the late-night TV scene is proof that networks shouldn't cast off somebody who has a low rating the first few weeks.

"Joey's so bad he's going to be canceled immediately," was the immediate word when he opened—rather disastrously, it seemed to some—against **Johnny Carson**, a few months ago.

"Absolutely untrue!" declared ABC boss **Leonard Goldenson** when I met him at a party. "We have great confidence in Joey. He's a little weak in handling non-show business personalites. But we're going to stay with him, and when he does his homework, he'll improve."

Improve he did—and his ratings leaped. Incidentally, some have asked why **Frank Sinatra** hasn't been on Joey's show to combat Carson (who has taken some pretty direct shots at Frank on the air, in a kidding way). The answer seems to be that Frank loves Joey but has no great love—right at this moment, anyway—for ABC.

And such are the backstage, behind-the-scenes manipulations and considerations that control TV fates.

Appearing on a Chrysler special, **Gina Lollobrigida** was introduced to the press backstage by **Bob Hope**, who flubbed her last name three times. "Gina," he said, "how can you be so easy to look at and so hard to pronounce?" . . . **Jackie Gleason** frequently finds some use for his lesser known talents. He painted the covers of two of the 38 albums he's recorded. . . . Producer **Joe Cates** filmed exteriors for *Spoon River* in Connecticut because Illinois—the poem's actual setting—wasn't pictorially appropriate.

I'd Rather Be Light: Georgie Kaye admitted to **Merv Griffin** that he's worried about the rumor that **J. Edgar Hoover** sleeps with a night light on.

I found Ben Gazzara at Harold's Show Spot, a popular bistro in the heart of the B'way theater district. The star of *Run For Your Life* told me, "This is my old hangout, Earl. Three years ago, before I left for the West Coast, I used to be here all the time with **Richard Burton**, **Jason Robards** and **Chris Plummer**." I asked him what they talked

Dean Martin had his wife & kids on his Xmas show—plus Sinatra & his three but no Mia. Rumor says she didn't show because she's younger than

about, and he said, "The conversation was hot and heavy. Some of them, of course, were drunken nights, but they were fun."

As soon as Jack Warden, star of *N.Y.P.D.*, returned from visiting his family in Malibu, he started rehearsing in **Arthur Miller**'s new B'way play, *The Price*. . . . **Enzo Stuarti** will narrate and star in a TV special touring Rome, to be filmed there next summer. . . . **Johnny Carson** dropped by the Metropole to see **Gene Krupa**, and asked why he never lets his jazz combo play rock 'n' roll. "It's not that I mind playing rock," Krupa said, "but then I have to listen to it, too." . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** was asked by a fan for his favorite recipe. He'd been mistaken for *Family Affair's* **Sebastian Cabot**!

Dean Martin has the formula: He does everything a guy shouldn't, and they just love him for being a baddie! A woman reader asked me in Chicago, "Is Dean Martin splitting up with his wife?"

That was an ancient story, I told her, and she sighed, "The women drool over him. And the men envy him for fooling around with all the young chicks!"

I hope they didn't cut out all the drinking jokes from his Christmas show with Frank Sinatra and their respective families. I saw it filmed —in September—and Dean warned the audience that this was no **Andy Williams** show, with milk and cookies: "This is my show, with booze and broads."

The director shouted out, "Gentlemen, the tape is rolling."

"Well, for heaven's sake, somebody stop it!" yelled Dean. And that's the way it was . . . delightful. **Nancy Sinatra Jr.** made a pun, "I'm dreaming of a Rice Krispie," just to show you how it went.

Rumorology Dept.: There's going to be a TV show from the lounge of a plane in flight, with **Arlene Francis**, **Dave Garroway** or **Sam Levenson** doing the interviewing. . . . One of the TV stars who acquired a new producer—and thereby made news—is reportedly already unhappy about the new selection. . . . **Gordon MacRae** asked his fan club of twenty-one years' standing to do things for *themselves*, now that they've grown up, and not devote so much time to *him*.

How times change! Once **Milton Berle** was "Mr. Television" and **Jackie Gleason** was struggling to make it. Now "Uncle Miltie," as he was known to so many of us fifteen years ago, exclaims over Gleason being one of the greatest TV comedians of all time! . . . Don't overlook **Lainie Kazan** in movie-star prospects for the next two or three years—largely because of the great performances she's done on TV, principally for **Dean Martin**. . . . When **Senator Bobby Kennedy**'s about to go on TV, he brushes his hair vigorously *downward*—he considers the downsweep part of his very successful image.

The White House decision not to allow **Lynda Bird**'s wedding to interfere with any major gridiron games on TV was a bright one politically. Some rabid fans close to **LBJ** told him that, to the real football enthusiast, a wedding—even a White House wedding—would be

(*Continued on page* 11)

some of the kids—although old enough to enjoy The Factory, with Neile & Steve McQueen and her "best pals" Leonard Gersh and Liza Minnelli.

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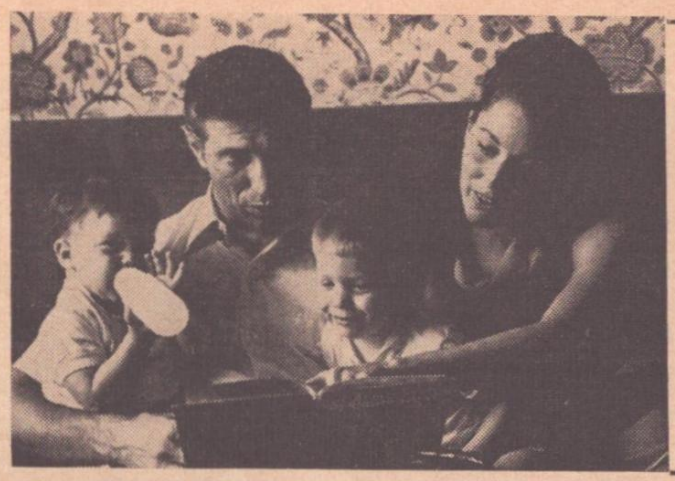

TYKE TALK

It Isn't Fair To Children To Spoil Them!

BY JOE CAMPANELLA

● I was in my early thirties when I got married, so I hadn't had any real experience in bringing up children. When, after nine months of marriage, my wife Jill and I had our first son, I was overwhelmed at the idea of having a child, and was ready to do anything in the world for him.

I was the most worried, anxious father you ever saw. The baby couldn't cry for more than two seconds without my picking him up. My wife, who has an instinctive knowledge of children, would tell me, "There's nothing wrong. He just wants to exercise his lungs."

If it had not been for my wife's wisdom, all three of our sons—Philip, now almost three, Robert, 18 months old [pictured with their parents], and our five-months-old baby, Joseph Anthony—might be badly spoiled.

When Philip was 19 months old he injured his left leg jumping from one bed to another; the leg had to be put in a cast. I began treating Philip like an invalid. My wife Jill was wiser; she treated Philip as normally as possible.

In eight weeks he got better. When he recovered, I suddenly went to the opposite extreme. The minute I asked him to do something, I expected him to jump up and do it. It was my wife who showed me how wrong I was. She said, "Go easy, darling. After babying him for so long, you can't expect him to change this suddenly."

Gradually I learned from my wife how to bring up three boys without spoiling them. There was one thing I saw my wife do which I copied. Philip had a tendency to throw even his most treasured books around. Jill would say, "Let's pick them up and see how high we can pile them. Then let's put them away." Working together, it became a kind of game with them.

When you want a child to do something it's often best to do it with him. A child's attention span and concentration are generally not great enough to keep him at a tedious task.

It is perfectly normal for small children to go through a period of tearing their books and breaking their playthings; it is their way of investigating things. When Philip used to tear a book, I would say, "You can't have the book any more. We'll have to repair it." When a book he loved was being repaired he would miss it. Jill would remind him, "You tore it and it is being repaired. If you want to keep it, you must not tear it again."

He was sometimes destructive with toys, till he found that "Daddy fix it" didn't always work. Actually he had been trying to find out what made his toys go. He learned to ask me to take them apart, so I could show him what caused them to work.

The idea of sharing, beginning with their toys, is one we try to teach.

Speaking of toys, it may seem a paradox to some people, since there is a certain amount of violence in *Mannix*, in which I appear, but I do not approve of dangerous toys like big guns for young children. Philip once asked me to buy him one. "No," I said, "guns can be dangerous. They're all right for make-believe but I don't want you to handle a gun right now."

Like all children, mine sometimes get into fights. Sometimes Philip may be angry because Robert has taken a toy of his and broken it. "You can get another toy," I tell Philip, "but it's not so easy to get another brother." I can't always separate them when they have a fight, but when things have calmed down, they have learned to apologize to each other.

If you want your children to obey you, I think it is important to let them know how much you love them. Jill and I do. People who are not affectionate give me a strange feeling; I come from a very affectionate family. Philip knows the expression "I love you"; when he says it without prompting to my mother and Jill's mother, they flip. I do prompt the children to say "Thank you" when Nonna (my mother) or Nonnie (my wife's mother) bakes cookies especially for them. Eventually thanking someone who is kind to them will become second nature to them.

Thanks to the lessons I have learned watching my wife, I now feel that I have grown up as a father. When you love children, you mustn't spoil them. It just isn't fair to the children. ●

EARL WILSON

(*Continued from page 9*)

just a tiresome intrusion. (And that was a mild way of saying it.)

Guy Kent—who's won many awards for *Bell Telephone Hour* costume designing—won't be doing his usual Christmas designing this year. *Telephone Hour*'s annual Yuletide show on NBC has been preempted . . . for two football games.

Secret Stuff: The male star of a very popular TV series has moved in with a very famous male movie personality. . . . One of the *N.Y.P.D.* stars is holding a secret—doesn't want his public to know he's separated from his wife. . . . A big female series star tells pals: "My daughter's an idiot for splitting with her husband. Actually, he's too good for her." . . . *Tonight* staffers wish **Sidney Poitier** would accept their many requests to come on the show. . . . A series starlet made a scene at **Merv Griffin**'s TVer—because she didn't like the dressing room.

Ragtime singer Max Morath has NBC interested in a new concept he calls "Harrigan's Orpheum." It would have today's entertainers singing the songs of the stars of yesterday, with the dress and the sets of the past. . . . **Edward Albee**'s *The American Dream,* starring **George Maharis** and taped for TV three years ago, is still unsold. . . . **Lillian Roth**'s *Beyond My Worth,* a sequel to her *I'll Cry Tomorrow,* has been optioned by Desilu as a potential daytime serial drama.

Jack Benny, as *Hollywood Palace* host, was telling producer **Nick Vanoff** about his childhood: "I lived in this huge house with a butler and a maid and . . ."

"Hold it, Jack," Vanoff interrupted, "I read that your parents were very poor when you were young."

"*They* were poor," Benny replied with a straight face.

Don't kid Milton Berle about the ladies' clothes he wore in his early TV days. "I wore them," he'd tell you, "because I discovered something about dresses: Their material was easy to get laughs with." . . . **Tony Curtis** is considering hosting an anthology series next year. . . . **Jerry Lewis**'s son **Ronnie** is staff photographer for his father's program. . . . **Bill Cosby** hopes to make his next series (if *I Spy* ever ends) a situation comedy where the family just happens to be Negro.

Diahann Carroll, scheduled to tape three major shows (starting with **Dean Martin**), told him anxiously, "I hope nothing interferes with my being on your show. I don't want to stand you up."

"Honey," Dino drawled, "the way I feel when I do my show, *somebody* has to stand me up or I fall down."

Don Rickles told **Danny Thomas** he'll earn $400,000 this year. "When I first started out, I never thought I'd make more than forty dollars," said the insult comic. . . . **Bing Crosby**, the *Hollywood Palace* "good luck" charm, has hosted eighteen shows since the series began, including its premiere four years ago. . . . When filming his episode for *American Sportsman* in Alaska, **Jimmy Dean** bagged a moose and was so delighted he wired his wife **Sue**, to tell her about it.

—THAT'S EARL

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Donna Mills of "Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing"

Donna Mills, last year's swingin' night-club singer, "Rocket," of *The Secret Storm*, has returned to television converted. She's now a novice nun known as "Laura Donnelly" on the new CBS-TV daytime series *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*. Surrounded by a group of vastly talented colleagues, she is holding her own extremely well.

Through flashbacks, TV viewers discovered that "Laura" had decided to become a nun at the age of 15. But, at 15, Donna was dreaming quite a different dream. Her goal in life was to be a prima ballerina. Little did she suspect she would one day be a singer—and more—a serious actress!

The natural-blonde minisome dancer-singer-actress is, however, very familiar with the churchly life, having two nuns and three priests in her family. On her father's side she had a great uncle who was a priest in St. Joseph, Michigan, the predominantly Catholic town to which her grandparents migrated from Germany. Then, on her Swedish mother's side of the family, Uncle Franklin Lantz's wife has two sister-nuns and two brother-priests. So, for Donna, donning the habit was an easy change of character. And her parents, who are devout Catholics, are rather proud to see their only daughter playing her present TV role.

"It's a funny thing about television. Even though people know it's theatrics, they still can't seem to separate the two. And it's even truer of my mom," Donna laughed easily, softly. "You see, I've just had a serious operation on the show. It was televised and Mom just went hysterical crying as she watched. I guess it is pretty hard for a mother to see something like that, knowing it's her daughter—I'm made up with heavy bags under my eyes and, naturally, having had such an operation, it's only to be expected that I moan a lot."

Donna lit another cigarette, exhaling

THE *Swinging* NUN

with a giggle, "I have to call Mother every day to convince her I'm not *really* sick." She blinked her saucer-size blue eyes. "I do look awful, but no matter how I explain to Mom that it's all makeup she keeps insisting, 'Donna, you look terrible! You're not eating properly! Are you really all right? You look so thin—' When I was playing Rocket on *Storm*, her phone calls were quite different. Mostly gossip and nasty remarks the neighbors had made about me. Like: 'Donna used to be such a sweet girl. What a pity she's turned out this way.'

"It's incredible how people get TV life mixed up with real life. But," she grinned, "her friends—not to exclude my *own* family—should be relieved to see I've changed my 'wild ways.'

"A few days back, in one of the scenes I had to pretend I was about to cry. . . . That night Mom called and said, 'Your lower lip quivered just the way it used to when you were a little girl.' "

Donna Mills was born Donna Miller in Chicago, Illinois, 25 years ago. To be a dancer was her dream from toddling toe-shoe days on. Her mother was more than happy to see her daughter dance since it had been her own unfulfilled ambition. Her father, an I.B.M. supervisor for an oil company in Arlington Heights, was equally pleased and gave Donna his full support.

Chicago was good to her and she worked as a dancer steadily. She did such shows as *Bye Bye Birdie*, *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, *Come Blow Your Horn* with Jan Murray, *The Reluctant Debutante* with Joan Bennett, *Glad Tidings* with Sarah Churchill, *Oklahoma!* with Johnny Desmond, and toured as a dancer in the national company of *My Fair Lady*.

Three years ago she said goodbye to her parents and eleven-years-older brother Donald, who is a tuckpointer

Playing a novice nun on TV (with Shawn Campbell as her nephew and Robert Burr as her brother) fulfills a dream for Donna—but she's also hoping to wed "one of these days."

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DONNA MILLS

(*Continued from page* 13)

. . . everyone knows what a tuckpointer is—a tuckpointer tucks fresh mortar into the old mortar between bricks . . . and came to New York.

To date, New York has certainly not been hostile to this 98-pound, sweet-faced pixie. She has appeared on *The Patty Duke Show*, *The Steve Lawrence Show* and many other programs. She made her Broadway debut last year in Woody Allen's comedy, *Don't Drink The Water*, playing the sheik's wife for six months.

"It's amazing how lucky I've been," she told me. "Since I started in this business I've never had to ask my family for a thing. But, in all this time, I lacked the most important asset any actress must have: confidence. Everything came so easy for me. When I first arrived in New York, I went right into an industrial show. I got one show right after another. I found my own apartment ten days after I arrived. Jane Broder became my agent in less than a week after coming here.

"Easy! But I never once felt it was because I was talented, but more that I was *physically right* for the parts I was offered." Her lovely face softened, a slow smile started, her eyes were suddenly fired with a look that only love can bring—

"I've been going steady with Vic Vallaro for almost three years now. He's an actor-director and teaches with his brother at the Cavallaro Workshop where I now study. Vic is extremely talented. He directed and acted in *Look Back In Anger* last summer—if you know that show, you know what a feat that is—

"We started doing scenes together at Actors Studio, where I was studying when I first came here. Through Vic I discovered what acting really is all about. He is the only person who made me *believe* I could do much more than just 'look nice' on a stage."

Donna intends to marry Vic "one of these days."

Last May, while appearing in *Don't Drink The Water*, she made a 20th Century-Fox movie, *The Incident*, which has just been released.

"I think my first film spoiled me," she grinned. "Larry Peerce, Jan Peerce's son, directed *The Incident*. We worked improvisationally on the film. It is every actor's dream to work this way, but you don't often have that chance to improvise!

"Doing so made me realize there were many things I *could* do if demanded of me—and there were scenes I had to deliver that weren't easy. It was a priceless experience and I hope not my last."

While she was shooting the film, CBS called her in July to read for *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*. In August they called her in for a screen test. September 3rd she went into rehearsal for the September 18th première. She has signed a two-year contract and hopes along the way there will be more films and much more theatre.

For such a little "drink of water," this diminutive sprite has oceans of energy. Her day starts at 6:00 A.M. She has rehearsals from 7:30 until 9:00. From 9:00 until 11:00 the director sets his shots (which is known as "camera blocking"). Lunch from 11:00 till 12:00. From 12:00 they work "on camera" with a run-through and at 12:45 there's dress rehearsal. At 2:00 they do the show. At 3:00 there's a pre-rehearsal for the *next* day's show which lasts until 5:30 or 6:00.

"Then you go home and study your lines for the next day and so to bed. That's all there's time left for."

How does she feel about dancing? She doesn't miss it at all. "I find much more excitement in films and stage acting. Besides, you can't go very far just being a dancer. I do miss the exercise, though. Whenever I have an opportunity I still take dance classes."

And what about hobbies? Everyone has a hobby. But not Donna. Not beyond her work. There's nothing else she enjoys more than acting.

When Donna was taking acting classes as a teenager, it was just for fun—dancing at that time was her goal. But, as fate worked it out, her hobby has become her career. She loves to sew and makes most of her own clothes —in her "spare time," which is rare indeed.

How does she feel about *Love Is . . .* ? "I think some of the TV shows underestimate the viewers' intelligence. This show, so far anyway, deals much more directly with real life problems. It's not so 'sob story' with the on-and-on-and-on business. I like it very much. And I expect it to just become better and better. I hope the same can happen for me. I want to be a great actress, but not typed. I want someday to be able to do any and every kind of role."

This "many-splendored miss"—having gone from nightclub singer to sheik's wife to novice nun, all in one year—seems to be reaching her goal far faster than she realizes!

—Brett Bolton

THROUGHOUT AMERICA WOMEN ARE REPORTING

Amazing Gains on their Bustlines

by using the

FABULOUS *Mark Eden Developer*

Here are four of them:

Brigitte Carlson of Norwalk, Conn., before her Mark Eden Course.

BUST: 34A

Brigitte Carlson after practicing the Mark Eden Course for 8 weeks.

BUST: 36C

Ingrid Mucke of Rochester, N.Y., before her Mark Eden Course.

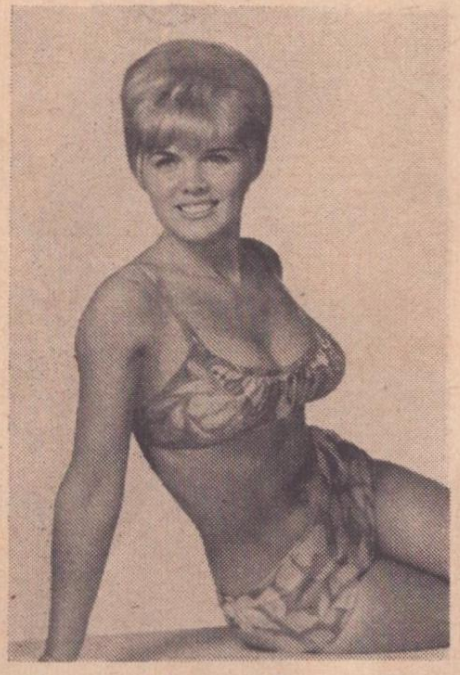
BUST: 32A

Ingrid Mucke after only 8 weeks on the Mark Eden Course.

BUST: 36C

Margaret Pearson of Milwaukee, Wis., before her Mark Eden Course.

BUST: 34A

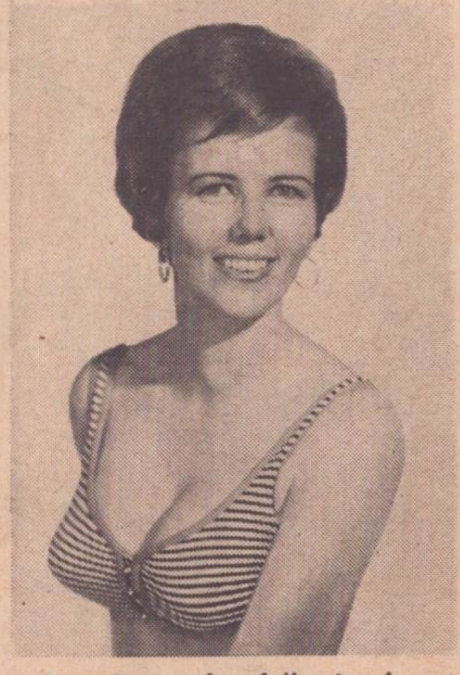


Margaret Pearson after practing her Mark Eden Course for 8 weeks.

BUST: 36C

Betty Perry of Topeka, Kansas, before her Mark Eden Course.

BUST: 34″



Betty Perry after following her Mark Eden Course for just 8 weeks.

BUST: 37½″

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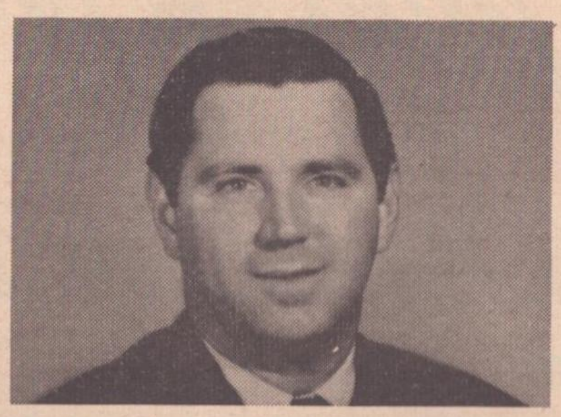
T V R

On the scene with TV RADIO MIRROR'S



DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD

Iron Horse *cancellation couldn't stop Mary Ann Mobley's & Gary Collins' plans to wed—but Dack Rambo & Deborah Walley say nothing, as their shows are renewed. They should all be as happily "safe" as the Fred MacMurrays!*

"Soap" Secrets: Rosemary Prinz, who plays Penny Hughes Wade on CBS-TV's *As The World Turns,* kept so quiet about it that almost no one knew. But now her secret's out. Last December, she became the real-life bride of drummer **Joe Patti.** And be sure to see the story on page 48 of this issue for all the facts about her "next" wedding! That one, of course, is on the TV show. . . . We are sorry to hear about the recent divorce of *Search For Tomorrow's* **Mary Stuart** (Joanne Tate) and husband **Richard Krolik.** They'd wed in 1951, about the same time Mary started work on this series.

Yoga for the Sinatras: Mia now has **Frank** interested in the **Maharishi Mahesh** and his East Indian religion. So much so, don't be surprised if F. S. takes his fast jet to Inja one of these weekends for a private session with the Maharishi. (Mia had already announced she was going.) Meantime, Frank's cronies are playing follow their leader, and I hear a couple of them are taking yoga courses at U.C.L.A. If the new religion has changed Mia, it's certainly not apparent. For instance, she has not given up her Friday nights at The Factory . . . where she gyrates on the dance floor while Frank merely *observes*—probably saying to himself, "That's life."

Lennons Quitting: That's what the girls tell me will happen in two years hence! "Our place is with our husbands," **Kathy** reveals, and the others agree. "We're not the type to mix a career and marriage. We've decided to work hard for two more years, so our children will have enough money for a good education. Then we'll quit—and I can't wait until that day comes." . . . Anyone else but the Lennons, I would predict "that day" would never come. These girls, though, are more serious about their marriages than about show biz.

Dry Run: Only a matter of time (probably this June) before **Linda Kaye Henning** and **Mike Minor** marry for real. When they did so for the camera in a segment of *Petticoat Junction,* the series' makers, Filmways, hosted an honest-to-goodness wedding reception for the TV company and the press at the swank Lakeside Country Club. . . . Linda, wearing an expensive wedding gown, acted like a bride in more ways than one. When asked by a photographer to kiss the groom, she not only *did,* but the two held the clinch practically long enough to film a full-length movie! No one got tossed into the swimming pool . . . but Mike got a hunk of wedding cake smeared across his face by **Lori Saunders,** who was a "bridesmaid," along with **Meredith MacRae.** The photog had asked Lori to do "something different" for a group shot. She certainly did—without even handing the groom a napkin first. . . . Linda confided that she selected the gown herself in a Beverly Hills department store, and will wear it again—the next time, to become Mrs. Mike Minor. Mike is the son of TV mogul **Don Fedderson;** Linda's father, **Paul Henning,** of course, is the creator of *Petticoat.* A trio of musicians not only played wedding-type music at the reception, but I hope they weren't trying to tell us something! "When Your Lover Has Gone" was one of the selections.

Obviously—the "happy" Smothers Brother: Dick with his wife Linda.

Heartbreak time for Mary Stuart (Search For Tomorrow) *and Richard Krolik—divorced after 16 years and two youngsters, Cynthia and Jeff.*

The Inside: They're keeping it very, very hush-hush how a certain TV series regular really got the boot. He showed up on the set one day loaded in *two* ways. He was drunk—and carrying a pistol with live bullets. . . . Our deepest sympathy to **Patty Duke** and **Harry Falk Jr.,** on the loss of their ex-

pected baby. . . . Former Deb Star **Debbie Watson** and **Richard Orshoff** are having marital woes. . . . **Tommy Smothers** has another new interest. She's **Judy Carne** of the late *Love On A Rooftop*. Could be serious—Tommy's talked her into making her TV singing debut on the **Brothers'** Jan. 7 show. . . . Another reconciliation attempt? **Lana Turner** and estranged husband **Bob Eaton** are becoming regular dinner mates in a corner booth of the Luau in Beverly Hills. . . . New twosome to watch—**Efrem Zimbalist Jr.** and **Carol Lynley.** Carol, by the way, had her long blonde hair sheared off to **Mia Farrow** length. . . . This time, **Yvonne Craig** claims it's final that she and **Bill Bixby** have decided to end their going-steady status. . . . **Yale Summers'** marriage to **Suzanne Ried** had one Hollywood beauty screaming for revenge. Seems that Yale had been giving her the big rush, right up until wedding time. . . . **The Monkees** finally confessed that—prior to their latest album—they didn't play their own instruments.

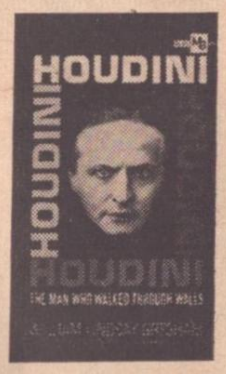
Habit Conflict: Eddie Fisher is night people. **Connie Stevens** has never got used to sleeping in the daytime. Now that their baby girl has arrived, will little **Joely** change all that? Knowing Connie, some folks say it will be Eddie and Joely who will have to change their sleeping habits—or else!

For What It's Worth: Dorothy Malone and **Jacques Bergerac** aired their bitterness in court again. Dorothy was found technically guilty of contempt once more for taking the children to Hawaii for ten days without the court's permission. But the judge didn't even bother to say "boo" to her actions. Instead, he told *Jacques* to "shut his mouth." Later, Dorothy described her four years of marriage to the actor thusly: "After knowing so many winners, I picked a loser."

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We'll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail the ballot below. This month the prize—for the first 400 ballots we receive—is *Houdini: The Man Who Walked Through Walls*, by William Lindsay Gresham. For the first time, the secrets of the man many believed had supernatural powers are revealed to the public. In this lively biography Mr. Gresham recalls the genius of Harry Houdini, whose name became a dictionary word meaning miraculous!

Put this ballot in an envelope and send it to TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017.



IT'S TIME TO PLAY FAVORITES!

MY FAVORITE TV SHOW: 1. _____

2. _____

MY FAVORITE TV MALE: 1. _____

2. _____

MY FAVORITE TV FEMALE: 1. _____

2. _____

MY FAVORITE NEW TV STAR: 1. _____

2. _____

MY FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1. _____

2. _____

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

1-68

Dean on the Scene: I had to see to believe when **Eddy Arnold,** the Country & Western star, opened at the Cocoanut Grove (which caters to *dudes*). He proved a hit, too, with the celebrity-crowded audience—most of whom were surprised to see Eddy dressed as one of *them.* Instead of wearing Western attire a la **Roy Rogers,** the singer donned a tuxedo with appropriate appurtenances. Didn't even wear cowboy boots. Sitting ringside were **Anjanette Comer** with **Omar Sharif, Pat** and **Shirley Boone. Judy Carne** (since **Tommy Smothers** was working that night) was escorted by **Peter Deuel.** . . . **Dorothy Malone** doesn't despise all men. Spotted her at Au Petit Jean with oil man **Bob Calhoun.** . . . Interesting twosome making the rounds—**Sandra Dee** and **Lee Majors.** Sandy keeps telling chums she has had it with marriage and now she's looking for "romance." I've never figured out what Lee is looking for. . . . To keep you up to date on **Barbara Parkins'** romantic meanderings, the latest interest is **Chris Jones.** Don't get too excited. Happens that both Barbara and Chris are handled by the same press agent—a fact of Hollywood life which can mean anything . . . or nothing.

Collapse: Some anxious moments on the *Big Valley* set. **Barbara Stanwyck** suddenly turned pale and started to faint. She was rushed home by studio limousine, and her doctor diagnosed her illness as a combination of a bad cold and exhaustion. She's been told to take it easier, but I doubt if she even knows *how* to do that!

Expecting: That's the report from the **Vince Edwards** household. Vince spent most of the fall in Europe filming *Hammerhead*. Linda was on hand to watch him work.

Scene Stealer: What to give a boy who has everything? Well, **Dean Martin** gifted son **Dino Jr.** with a tank—the lad uses it to roar around the Martins' Texas-sized Beverly Hills estate. . . . That's the scene until next month. . . .

—Dean Gautschy

COFFEE TEA OR ME?

Come on up! Fly the friendliest skies ever—and play later! Here are the uninhibited memoirs of two airline stewardesses who tell all about the "dream job" of every American girl!

"Coffee, Tea Or Me?" is the lowdown on airline stewardesses, written by two high-flying females. Trudy Baker and Rachel Jones have gone about as far as they could—and then one step farther—in describing their experiences at 40,000 feet up and aground, on three-day lay-overs in the *stew zoos.*

So fasten your seat belts for the naughtiest, wackiest book of the year. After all, beautiful hard-working stewardesses from pressurized cabins must be ready for anything. Like learning how to gracefully side-step the amorous advances of passengers—*and learning when not to.*

And life on the ground isn't tame for these jet-propelled *stews,* either. Find out for the first time exactly how "friendly" the crew on your next flight really is. And what actually happens during six-weeks basic training at Stewardess School.

"Coffee, Tea Or Me?" is non-stop hilarity and excitement with a good strong tail-wind that takes you from the flight deck to the barrooms to the bedrooms. Mothers of stewardesses might raise an eyebrow or two when they read this book. But then, it's the true story of flying females who are emotional and funny. And this book about their lives is very real—*and very funny!*

Fly out today to your favorite bookstore and read

COFFEE, TEA OR ME?

the uninhibited memoirs of two airline stewardesses

TRUDY BAKER and **RACHEL JONES**

with illustrations by Bill Wenzell

$5.95

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FACE IN THE MIRROR

Ed Ames: The Real Reason Mingo Is Zingo!

■ When Ed Ames stands on the nightclub floor and sings a love song the room becomes a haven for lovers. Romantic couples lean across their tables and reach for each other's hands. Ed Ames may look like an Indian—to TV fans—but he just could be a 6′ 4″ Cupid.

This much we do know about *Daniel Boone*'s "Mingo": He's the son of Russian-Jewish immigrants, David and Sonya Urich. He was the lead baritone with Joe, Vic and Gene—The Ames Brothers. (Originally, The Urich Boys, around native Malden, Massachusetts.)

During the '50s disc jockeys and The Ames Brothers were practically going steady with songs like "You, You, You," "A Very Precious Love," "Rag Mop," "Sentimental Me" and "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane."

What went wrong?

"Suddenly we were four minds with one thought—HELP! We were living like zombies. We were hotel phantoms! I was missing the best part of my life.

"Disenchantment was rampant and the money didn't mean anything."

The other boys went into business and Ed decided, at the age of 30, to follow his heart's desire. He went to New York to take acting lessons, his eyes always on the stage.

"I love Broadway with my heart and soul. I'm like a kid in a candy shop."

He and his wife Sarita (who was a ballet dancer in her native Cuba, but would "rather be a wife than a performer"), and the three children, Sonia, now 17; Ronald, now 14; and Linda, now 12, lived in Teaneck, N.J., and Ed commuted to his classes and auditions.

His first role came after a year and a half of study and hoarding of savings, an off-Broadway production of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. Next came the musical hit *The Fantasticks*, then, on Broadway, *Carnival* and the dramatic role of a mentally ill Indian in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, with Kirk Douglas.

After the show closed, in 1964, Ed was called to Hollywood, this time to be a well-adjusted and well-educated Indian, Mingo, on *Daniel Boone*.

Since then Ed has been back in the hit record business with albums and singles ("Try To Remember," which he introduced on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*). And, speaking of the Johnny Carson show—which everyone does as soon as they meet Ed, and which Ed himself does during his nightclub act—who can ever forget the night Ed's tomahawk-tossing exhibition turned into a near riot when he let loose at an eight-foot-tall dummy and hit it "below the waist." The audience and the performers collapsed into the longest sustained laugh ever heard on TV. Johnny Carson recovered himself long enough to gasp, "Welcome to frontier *bris*," which started the hilarity all over again. (A "*bris*," of course, is the circumcision ritual in the Jewish religion.)

Now Ed does singing tours, as himself, and rodeos, as Mingo. (Last summer son Ronnie—brave lad!—held a torch for his pop to snuff out with a bullwhip in his rodeo act.)

As Ed Ames, nightclub star, he is a man who can affect a room full of people, without embarrassment or saccharine sweetness, generating a warm glow of sentiment.

When he is told about the effect his singing has on an audience, Ed grins, "Well, if that's my bag that's great! I'd like to climb inside and zip it up over my head."

He's a gentle man, a man with dreams and drives and great insights.

"I'm a controlled person but I make terrible demands upon myself. Sometimes I think I make unreasonable demands on others also. I'm not a yeller or a screamer although, like every actor, I have my moments. If you don't have an explosiveness inside, you can't be creative.

"In my personal life, when the pressures of work are removed I can be easygoing.

"But in this business the fear of failure is lurking—you're always afraid you'll bomb out. And success doesn't help because the more important you get the more terrified you are. When you operate out of fear all the time it's hard to be easygoing. I don't believe there is a serene actor in the world."

Serene or no, he's a relaxed star.

"I ride and play tennis and sail. In some ways I'm an outdoor nut—a nature lover, a conservationist. I hate it when glass and brick eat up grass and woods."

During his childhood, Ed and his family—nine children—were too poor to go to movies, so listening to his mother read aloud was a treat. She chose Shakespeare and today her youngest boy says, "I desperately want to do Shakespeare. I've always been a lover of classical things."

Another Ames goal is to direct. "I think it's all the medium of the director. A director, more than an actor, must have insight into life. He has to have a genius for life. I think I have fair instincts but I don't know enough.

"I do anything that interests me in the world. I want to master whatever I start." (In his role of Mingo, Ed, who speaks six languages, insists on speaking authentic Cherokee, not gibberish.)

TV audiences have seen the many faces of Ed this season when he hosted the *Ice Follies*, appeared as Ferrovious in *Androcles And The Lion*, and became the noble savage once more for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade from New York. And there are the popular RCA albums, *My Cup Runneth Over* (also a single), and the newest, *Christmas With Ed Ames*.

When Ed sings he struggles "to let what is me come out." He never thinks of himself as a ladies' man and believes that may be why men like him, too—he's probably the only performer in history who can claim, "I've never had a heckler in an audience."

But who would ever heckle Cupid?

—ALICE SCHONINGER

JANUARY 1968

SHOW BIZ

A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE

HEADLINES ★ BOOKS ★ MOVIES ★ TV ★ RECORDS ★ SINGERS 'N' SWINGERS

Wedding Bells Ring For Yale!

● On October 15, 1967, Roy Neuvohner and Suzy Fried were married in Tarzana, California. That may not sound like much of an announcement to you but it really stands for two things: 1) *Daktari* co-star Yale Summers and receptionist-actress Suzanne Ried were married after a five-year, off-again, on-again romance. 2) This proves it, patience is its own reward.

The pair met long before Yale's rise to TV popularity began. And, as his fans began to grow in numbers, he was spotted at more and more premières and parties. But while he was photographed with lovely young actresses, Suzy sat patiently and quietly at home, waiting.

Last April Yale insisted it was off forever. "I don't know what I want out of life or marriage except that I don't want to get married with the idea so many people have—let's give it a try. When I marry, it will be with the idea that the marriage will last as long as I live. I won't settle for anything less."

When he broke down and phoned Suzy last fall and she consented to see him again, he knew she wouldn't settle for anything less—than being his wife. So they finally wed.

Suzy had always dreamed of a big wedding, Yale was in favor of running off together. So, they compromised on a small wedding at the home of the bride's sister. Suzy wanted a honeymoon trip, Yale believed in saving the honeymoon until you were adjusted to being married. So, they compromised on a week in Palm Springs.

They've settled in Yale's former bachelor pad.

Headlines

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NEW LIZ & DICK?

BREAKING UP

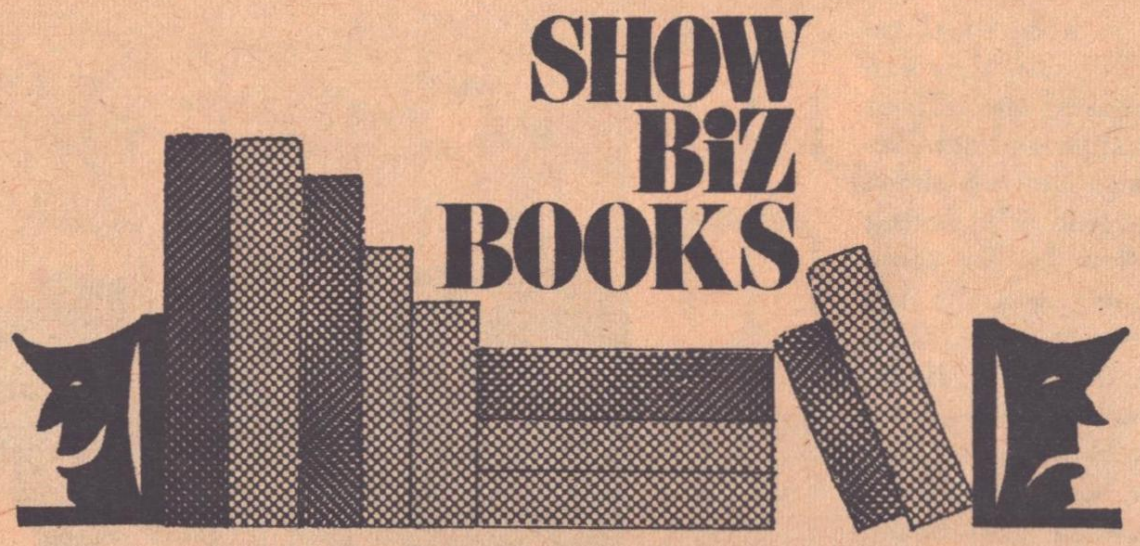
BEATLES' TV TOUR: Before they went off on a mystical retreat the world-weary Beatles filmed the first TV show they can call their own. They wrote, directed and produced the offbeat *Magical Mystery Tour*, a show shot of which appears here. Besides the title song, they composed four others for the show. The four mod mystics may be seen on American TV during the Christmas holidays. **JACK & JILL:** October 14, for those who want to send an anniversary card next year, was the day Jill St. John became Mrs. Jack Jones in Beverly Hills, California. It was her third marriage, his second. **INSULT:** "Heavens, no!" gasped the usually circumspect Jackie Kennedy to the news that Dick Van Dyke had been cast to play her husband in the movie version of Pierre Salinger's book, *With Kennedy*. Her always loyal subjects and spokesmen also broke speed records in denying the announcement. To many, the sharpness of the denial seemed a direct insult to Van Dyke, especially after he'd been quoted in London as saying he'd do it. **HAPPY ENDING:** There was a time, when *The Bad Seed* was a stage and movie hit, when everyone was talking about Patty McCormack. She was the hottest new star with the brightest future. But her career faltered. She tried touring with a singing group with little success. Now her story has a double happy ending, or new beginning. Recently wed, to hair stylist Bob Catania, Patty is testing for a new TV series called *Mod Squad*, produced by Aaron Spelling. **PEEK-A-BOO:** After a triumphal Broadway debut at the age of 61 (66?), Marlene Dietrich was feted at an exclusive after-theater supper party. But even the super-sophisticated Marlene had trouble dealing with the enthusiasm of the press and her fans. So, when she arrived at the Rainbow Room, pursued by photogs, she ducked under the table and giggled like one of her grandchildren might over her clever hiding place. **MEDITATING:** Promise her anything but give her a guru. When Mia Farrow married Frank Sinatra she became the girl who had everything. Well, maybe it's become too much. In January Mia, with her 19-year-old sister Prudence, who introduced her to the Beatles' new mentor, Indian mystic Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (a guru), will fly to Shankaracharya, Kashmir, meditate for a month. In case you're wondering, Frank approves although he won't participate. **NEW LIZ & DICK?:** Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, long known as the inseparables of show business, are ending their 13-year-long marriage. The split was announced in September, and labeled "friendly"—though perhaps costly ('tis said she's asking a $2,000,000 settlement). But in the midst of one parting can a future teaming be anticipated? While making *Two For The Road* Audrey was full of quotes, saying it was the happiest movie she'd ever made because co-star Albert Finney was such a joy to be around. Columnist Leonard Lyons has prophesied that the two "may become the next multi-million-dollar team like the Burtons." **BREAKING UP:** Mama Cass Elliott, speaking for The Mamas and The Papas in London, denied reports that they had quarreled but explained that they felt they'd had quite enough togetherness and would seek work separately. **HEADING UP:** Putting the Good Neighbor policy into high gear, Canada has sent us the HiLites, Harry Harding, Steve Davis and Fred Larson (l. to r.). Watch out for them on TV and records—they sing, dance, charm and thoroughly entertain. They're new to you now but once you see and hear them you won't forget them. **"PRISSY" TODAY:** Butterfly McQueen, who achieved fame as Scarlett's maid in *Gone With The Wind*, is living in New York and, it is said, working as a nursing companion to a woman who calls her "Queenie." A role in the all-Negro road company of *Hello, Dolly!* fell through and Butterfly, at 45, decided not to help celebrate the re-release of GWTW. **LIKE OLD TIMES:** Dennis Morgan, who retired from the screen 11 years ago, is back, as a lark, for a role with Roger Smith in *Rogues Gallery*. In the '40s and '50s he was Warner Bros.' highest paid star, and as this new pic, taken on the set, proves, he's as handsome as ever. **FAREWELL:** Nat Pendleton, 74, died of a heart attack last Oct. During the '30s and '40s you could hardly go to an MGM movie without seeing him. He was most famous for his role of the ambulance driver in Lew Ayres' well-remembered *Dr. Kildare* (movie) series.

HEADING UP

"PRISSY" TODAY

LIKE OLD TIMES

FAREWELL



A CHECKLIST OF THE SEASON'S BEST GIFT-BOOKS

Othello: The National Theatre Production, edited by Kenneth Tynan. *Stein & Day, 7 E. 48th St., New York City. 110 pp. $6.95.* Sir Laurence Olivier's Othello has been acclaimed by many critics as the crowning achievement of his career. Few of us, though, were on the scene in England to witness it. We are now compensated—in spades!—for this misfortune. Critic Kenneth Tynan gives us a superb text on "Olivier: The Actor And The Moor," telling us more of Olivier and his art than we had known before, following the production from first read-through to its glorious staging. Actor-photographer Roddy McDowall was there to capture superb candids of all the rehearsal action. Nine arduous weeks later, the gold curtain rises on a history-making *Othello.* On hand to immortalize every key scene (presented here with appropriate text from Shakespeare) were McDowall and another ace photographer, Angus McBean. And, as that long-ago TV show put it, "You Are There." So persuasive is this scene-by-scene presentation that, when the play's great tragic finale comes, you feel like crying "Bravo!" . . . The book also thoughtfully provides various London critics' reviews of the production. Truly, this is a landmark in the theatre-book genre.

Dance Scene: U.S.A., photographs by Jack Mitchell, commentary by Clive Barnes. *World Pub. Co., 119 W. 57th St., New York City. 144 pp. $12.50.* Is there a dance buff on your Christmas list? Search no further; here is the gift *par excellence.* It matters not whether your particular addict digs ballet or modern dance. *Dance Scene: U.S.A.* has everything! More than 200 magnificent photos—of every dance company imaginable (Martha Graham, American Ballet, City Center Joffrey Ballet, New York City, etc.). And stars, stars, stars! Nureyev, Erik Bruhn, Melissa Hayden, Villella, Limon, Lupe Serrano, Jacques d'Amboise, Tallchief, Toni Lander—name any favorite, he or she is here, in glorious performance shots or stunning portraits. And more: biographies of such choreographers as Jerome Robbins and Balanchine; resumes of all top modern dance and ballet companies; and rare rehearsal shots. This book is the next-best thing to a free season's pass to every great dance company in the U.S. So fine is it, in fact, it gives the illusion of being just that!

Remember When, Text by Allen Churchill. *Ridge Press/Golden Press, 850 Third Ave., New York City. 288 pp. $9.95.* Christmas season or no, if we had a Valentine handy we'd speed it along to Allen Churchill and his gifted colleagues. What a magnificent piece of Americana they have assembled! "A Loving Look At Days Gone By—1900: 1942" is its subtitle, and the book is indeed that. From the very first line of Churchill's 80,000-word text, you are hooked: "Not many of us alive today remember the moment at which this book begins." No matter. Nor does it matter at which point in those times past your own memories begin, or even if you were born after the closing year of this album. The nostalgia is there for all—the nostalgia for an American way of life that is gone and can never come again. For the show-biz buff *Remember When* is particularly grand—like a Technicolor newsreel: Broadway from Lillian Russell to the Stage Door Canteen; movies from *The Great Train Robbery* to Shirley Temple; dance marathons; radio's Golden Age (wonderful to see you again, Jessica Dragonette, Eddie Cantor, Burns & Allen, Easy Aces!); vaudeville in its glory (Elsie Janis, Nora Bayes, Eva Tanguay, Will Rogers, Harry Lauder, *et al*); Buffalo Bill's Wild West show; the glamorously nimble Vernon & Irene Castle; Tin Pan Alley from "My Gal Sal" to "Hut Sut Ralston." Nothing—or so it seems—is left out, and what's in is superbly presented in 400 illustrations (so many in color): photos, posters, paintings. Turn the pages, join the grand parade that passed all too swiftly, smile if you must at what now seems passé, but you are guaranteed a glorious journey. And if you shed a tear at the closing photograph in the book, of the destruction of Pearl Harbor, you are not alone. *So, on wings of tragedy and surprise, the past departed. The present had arrived.*

Africa's Animals, by Marvin Newman & Eliot Elisofon. *Ridge Press/Doubleday, 277 Park Ave., New York City. 80 pp. $3.95.* As though ABC-TV's splendid four-hour documentary *Africa* were not enough, it also spawned a superlative, full-color picture book which makes it "possible to see Africa's animals as they really are: free and awe-inspiring—the living treasure of the African continent." This book is the work of two great American photographers, one of whom, Elisofon, was Director of Creative Production for the widely-acclaimed TV film. The astonishing accomplishment of these two is that in their photographs these magnificent wild animals *live*; stunning close-ups bring you within inches of them actively alive, on the hunt, at play, in family situations. In their camera's eye, something fine has been seized and held.

The Life That Late He Led, A Biography Of Cole Porter, by George Eells. *G. P. Putnam's Sons, 210 Madison Ave., New York City. 383 pp. $6.95.* Yes, a life can be gaily glamorous and starkly tragic at one and the same time. Composer Cole Porter's was. For the last 27 years of his life, after a horseback riding mishap, every day Cole Porter lived was one of intense physical pain. You would never guess it from the mirthful, sophisticated, life-loving shows that poured from his pen during those years: *Mexican Hayride, Kiss Me Kate, Can-Can, Silk Stockings,* etc. Who would guess also that a close personal friend of a composer could write his story and not only *not* fall into the trap of "And then he wrote," but turn out a superlative human-interest yarn? *Salud,* George Eells! To borrow only one title from the hundreds of great popular songs Porter wrote, "C'est Magnifique."

Making Easy Puppets, by Shari Lewis. *E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 201 Park Ave. So., New York City, 86 pp. $3.95.* For youngsters on your list, a very special "how-to" book. TV's Shari Lewis tells (with simple-to-follow sketches by Larry Lurin) how to make 30 wonderful puppets. For some, like The Funny Bunny, you need nothing more than a handkerchief and a rubber band! Shari also has some imaginative ideas of what to do with the puppets once made. Also included: a bit of puppet history, riddles, staging hints, story ideas. You'll give happiness with this one.

—DAVID RAGAN

THE PUBLIC EYE

PLEASE, MR. T.V. EXEC, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT US! / by Joyce Alban

New Year's is the time to bury past sins and give birth to bright promises for a better future. So what are *you* doing tonight, Mr. T.V. Exec? Having spawned another disastrous season—proving once again how little you've learned about us viewers—are you planning new series closer to our heart's desire? Are you trying to re-establish that close touch with folks who used to *love* their TV sets?

Last time I looked, you were picking pilot-films for next fall which are just "more of the same." Last time I listened, you were bragging about how old Hollywood movies are tops in the ratings—boasting of the hundreds of specials which might lure back the big audiences today's series can't claim—boosting something called "event" programing, which apparently includes not only newsworthy specs and professional sports, but such "eventful" items as headline-type guest stars on regular series and even foreign locations for routine action-adventure.

Headlines. Datelines. Is that what you think our lives and dreams are made of, Mr. Exec? Do we exist only for our daily paper and newscasts? Do we "identify" with spectacular vaudeville acts and French-farcical films? Do we find that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" in bone-cracking slapstick and Westerns brought up-to-date with dabs of phoney Freud?

Maybe the experts are right when they say, if Shakespeare were alive today, he'd be writing Westerns! In those off-with-his-head days, it was "safer" to deal with blood-and-thunder doings which were already history—just as it is on modern TV. If you really want to know what his contemporaries were like, what *human pulse* they shared with us, you'll find it mostly in his comedy lines and wittiest characters—just as the TV comedies we used to love once held the mirror up to us little people and made us laugh at our own foibles.

That's the missing ingredient today, Mr. Exec. Laughter we can share, because we've lived it! Not gimmicks. Not weirdo characters. Not canned "surprises." Just everyday *fun.*

If *The Flying Nun* touched our hearts this season, it wasn't because of her aeronautical coif. It was the human relationships inside the cloister, the fresh, modern outlook of Sally Field—plus her personal radiance, which was once so swamped by the "typical teenager" cliches of *Gidget.*

Ages ago, I pointed out some of those old, old stereotypes Hollywood's been perpetuating ever since silent films. Allegedly comic bits that were old-fashioned even then—but are still being used on TV. Remember when Robbie married Katie on *My Three Sons* this fall and Katie's grandmother sighed over her own wedding picture?

Well! I'll swear they swiped that photo from my Grandma's trunk, because *she* had one just like it—of *her* grandparents! My own guess is that Katie's grandma *couldn't* have been married any earlier than World War I, when Irene Castle was setting the styles, not Lillian Russell.

Honestly, Mr. Exec! Wouldn't you think someone out there might have noticed something like that? Or are they all too busy digging out the same old props and rewriting old, old scripts? Don't you or they have any friends who keep *real* family albums? Maybe some friends who aren't even in show biz?

It's no accident, I suppose, that some of TV's most successful comedies have been *about* people in show business. Lucille Ball, Danny Thomas, Dick Van Dyke and all their crews knew the background they were dealing with. They knew what was happening, here and now, and didn't have to "borrow."

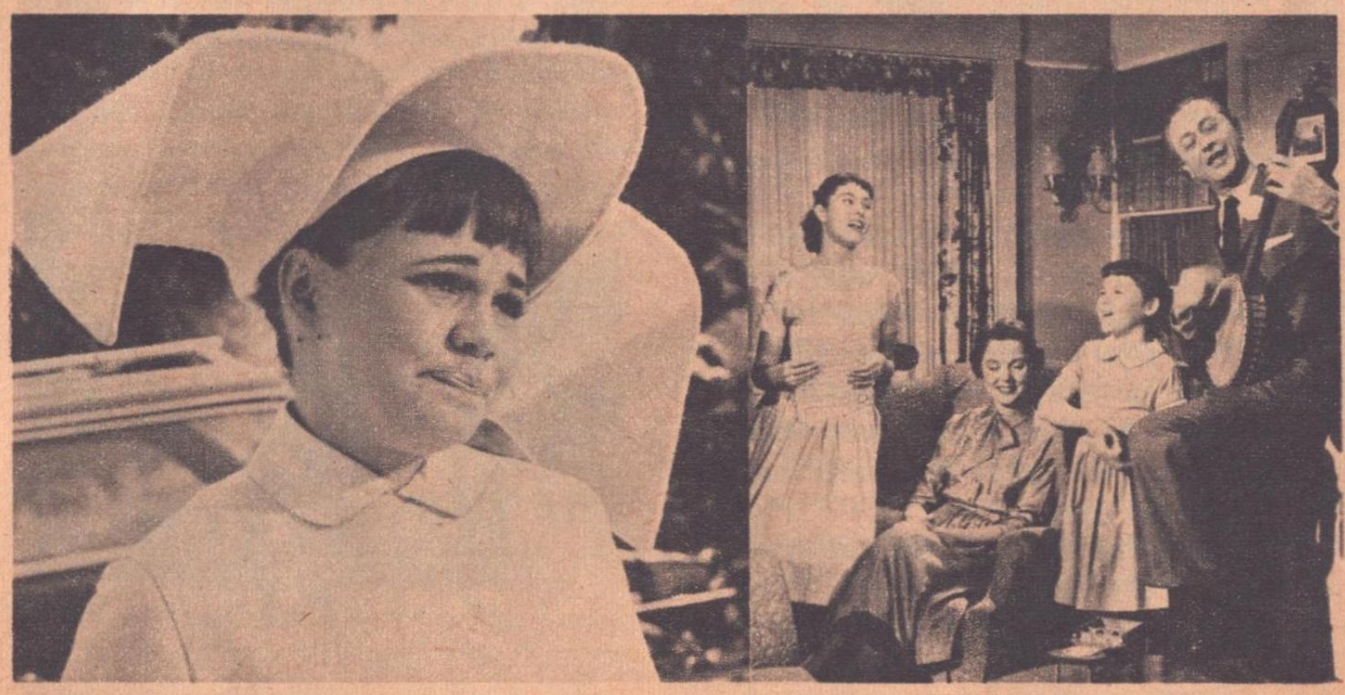
But somehow the same credibility, the same here-and-now feeling, got into other series, too, which weren't about the entertainment field. Donna Reed, the Nelsons—and, most especially, *Father Knows Best*—managed to wring laughter from situations we and our neighbors could actually recognize.

Where are the writers, the producers and directors who even try to do that today? Isn't it about time they came out of the Hollywood archives and had a real, firsthand look at *us*?

Okay, I can understand the economics of re-runs stretching far into the future and I don't expect you to show battles over Mama's miniskirt (though I could tell you some dillies that really took place). But I won't sit still while you turn such current topics into a tired old gag about the guy who likes low necks and vivid red on every gal except his wife!

There are funnier things than that happening all around us. *Newer* things. The little jokes that tide us over the big disappointments. The mishaps that become family legends. The just-this-minute smile we put on because someone we love needs it *right now.*

Come to think of it, Mr. T.V. Exec, there's *bravery* in our laughter. Why don't you come to visit us and learn, so you can put it all on that little set—and show us we're not alone? ●



Why is The Flying Nun *(Sally Field) one of few series today with the warmth of* Father Knows Best *(Elinor Donahue, Jane Wyatt, Lauren Chapin, Robert Young)?*

by BOB LUCAS

ON RECORDS

POPULAR

★★★★ **At Home At The Palace,** Judy Garland (ABC Records)—This is a "candid mike" bit of eavesdropping on the latest chapter of the longest-running, most durable romance in show business—the mutual love affair between Judy and her fans.

The opening-night audience was frankly partisan and unashamedly sentimental, and all the warmth and affection comes through. Several times someone in the audience yells out, "I love you!" and Judy obviously means it when she responds, "I love you, too!"

Judy is one of a small handful of performers who "own" certain songs, and Judy has more than most: "The Trolley Song," "Over the Rainbow," "The Man That Got Away," "You Made Me Love You," "For Me and My Gal." They're all here (except "Rainbow," which is, however, heard twice as an instrumental).

In addition, Judy sings "I Feel a Song Coming On," "Almost Like Being In Love" and "What Now My Love." For good measure, she does a duet with her daughter Lorna on "Bob White" and "Jamboree Jones," then she and son Joe and Lorna form a trio for "Together."

Having this LP is the next best thing to hearing and seeing Judy in person.

★★★★ **These Are My Songs,** Petula Clark (Warner Bros.)—The radio and TV commercials Petula is doing for a major U.S. auto maker are one indication of her popularity on this side of the Atlantic. Another is the speed with which this new LP made the charts and headed for the top!

Pet brings her intimate, lyrical style to "This Is My Song," "Groovin'," the old Billie Holiday standard, "Lover Man," and "How Insensitive." She also sings "Don't Sleep on the Subway," "Imagine," "Love Is Here," "I Will Wait for You" and "Path of Glory."

Arrangements by Ernie Freeman are a groove, and production by Sonny Burke assures this LP a profitable spot and long sojourn on the bestseller list.

★★★★ **Silk & Soul,** Nina Simone (RCA Victor)—Possessing one of the most complex talents among today's performers, Nina Simone has slowly but steadily moved into popular favor. In doing so, she has sharpened—but not compromised—the earthy quality and social comment that endeared her to her fans in intimate night spots.

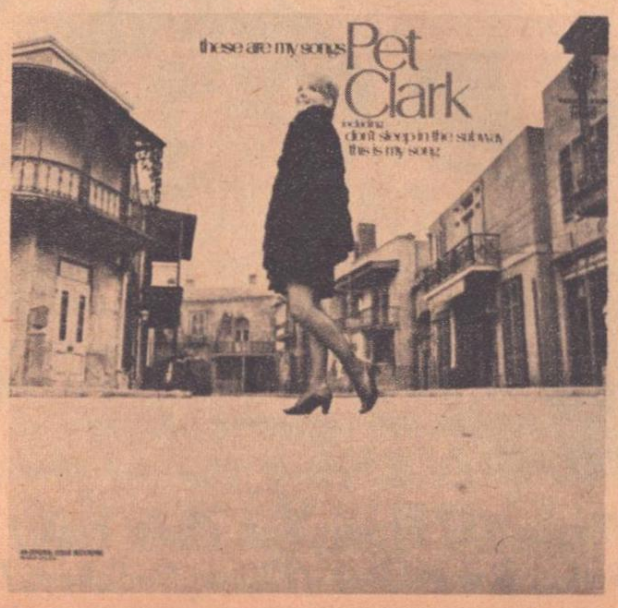
Here, strings and flute do not soften the "bite" inherent in either performance or material; they do highlight her classical training. She ranges from gutsy blues like "Love o' Love" and "Turn Me On" to the Bachian-styled "Consummation," her own composition. In between, she does the gospel-rock "I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free" and the poignant social commentary, "The Turning Point."

Nina's voice is as much a musical instrument as her piano; together, they offer ballads and blues of rare quality.

★★★★ **Pleasures Of The Harbor,** Phil Ochs (A & M Records)—The songwriter-social commentator-singer's first album for this label is artfully designed to win him a vast pop following. It will surely succeed. Amazingly, Ochs' role of protester remains unchanged. He is still a young man who loves his country but reserves the right to criticize it.

Only the musical settings are different. They were chosen to point up the words of each song—all by Ochs. There's electronic music for one, a 25-piece orchestra for another, a Dixieland band for a third.

Admiring listeners will surely agree with the critic who noted that Ochs combines the "musicality of The Beatles with Dylan's poetic talents." Among the eight numbers: "Cross My Heart," "Flower Lady," "Miranda" and the title song. In every musical way this album can be called a superior performance.



★★★ **My Heart Cries For You,** Connie Francis (MGM)—This appears to be "ladies' month," with Connie Francis also bringing us an album destined for the top. Connie has a way with a song that was obvious to those of us who first met her back in the days when she was a teenage idol.

She is one of the few who survived that era, mainly because of a voice that is warm and musical. She has a vocal style that today pleases adults in Las Vegas and New York nightclubs; obviously those teenagers who adored her still go to see her and buy her records.

This time out, Connie is in the C. & W. bag with such standards as "Room Full of Roses," "Anytime," the title song and "There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight" (by the legendary Hank Williams). Also recommended: "Four Walls," "Lonely Again," and "The Wayward Wind."

★★★ **Silver Throat,** Bill Cosby (Warner Bros.)—We happened to be in the studio when this album was cut and can report that this one was as much a "fun thing" as any of Bill's comedy LPs. Cosby doesn't pose as a great singer ("son of Mrs. Miller" is how he describes his voice), but he's got the soul sound and rockin' beat needed to put across such songs as "Bright Lights, Big City," "Big Boss Man" and "Little Ole Man" (which is a hit single).

"Silver Throat" has great admiration for the blues of Jimmy Reed, and if his vocalizing on such Reed tunes as "Aw Shucks, Hush Your Mouth" and "Tell Me You Love Me" is somewhat less than sensational, the respect and sincerity are there.

Cosby has the beat and the feeling, and that's what blues is all about.

★★★ **Warm & Wavery,** Tony Randall (Mercury)—The guy who rarely gets the girl in the movies will surely get you with this one! True, his voice is "wavery" at times, but he's on key when he has to be, and on target with the satire throughout.

"The Debutante's Ball," "Me and My Shadow" and "I Came Here to Talk for Joe" are gems, with the ricky-ticky piano, the banjo and soft-shoe rhythm providing perfect accompaniment. Tony also provides the right touch of spoofing on "You Remind Me So Much of My Mother" and "Chinatown, My Chinatown."

No. 2 billing on theater marquees should never worry this guy as long as he can be so entertaining on records.

★★★ **Tina Mason Is Something Wonderful!,** Tina Mason (Capitol)—This young lady has that something special which should make her rise above all the other bright new talent

making the scene almost daily. She certainly impresses in this, her debut album.

She was barely 20 when she created a sensation with her appearance at Disneyland early in '67, but she puts the heartbreak of ages into such torchy songs as "Cry Me a River" and "You Go Your Way," and gives exciting readings of H. B. Barnum arrangements of such tunes as "Life and Soul of the Party," "Crazy He Calls Me" and "You Can Have Him."

Make a note of her name: Tina Mason. You'll be hearing from her again . . . and again.

★★★ **The Many Shades Of Val Doonican** (London)—This is an interesting album of C. & W.-type songs with an Irish brogue. On such songs as "What Would I Be?" and the rocking "Walk Tall," Doonican has the booming Nashville sound. Then the blarney positively drips when he turns to "Delaney's Donkey," "O'Rafferty's Motor Car" and "Paddy McGinty's Goat."

Sure, and you'll enjoy "Two Streets," "Tender Years," "Mysterious People" and "Elusive Butterfly."

JAZZ

★★★★ **Classic Jazz Piano Styles** (RCA Victor)—The things each of these six artists did with 88 keys were never dreamed of when Bartolomeo Cristofori invented the pianoforte in 1709. The early jazz pianists broke the rules because they didn't know them; many in later years had solid backgrounds in classical music. (Thomas "Fats" Waller, for instance, was invited to play the pipe organ in Notre Dame Cathedral when he visited Paris.)

Featured on this Vintage Series LP are Jelly Roll Morton, Waller, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Jimmy Yancey, Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons. There were others, of course, but the history of the jazz piano can be traced through the styles showcased here, from Morton's New Orleans ragtime through Waller's "stride" bass to the boogie-woogie beat.

★★★ **Bravo Brubeck!,** The Dave Brubeck Quartet (Columbia)—What Herb Alpert did with pop music, Brubeck does with jazz, and the present marriage with Mexican folk music is a love match. This LP should help spread Brubeck's popularity beyond the relatively small circle of "pure jazz" fans, who regard him as one of the giants.

This was recorded live in Mexico and the *bravos!* begin on the downbeat of "Cielito Lindo" and continue to the final chords from Brubeck's piano on "La Bamba," the last track on the flip.

Brubeck augments the foursome of Paul Desmond, alto sax; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums—and his own piano—with the bongos and conga drum of Salvador Agueros and the guitar of Benjamin Correa.

The familiar songs that get a slick jazz treatment include "La Paloma," "Besame Mucho," "Poinciana" and "Estrellita."

★★★ **Soul In The Horn,** Al Hirt (RCA Victor)—Al Hirt's staccato trumpet style is adaptable to a wide range of musical grooves, as his long list of hit LPs proves. This time he dips into the Rhythm & Blues bag—though the sidemen display more "soul" than the horn they are backing on most of the tunes.

On some, however—"Sweetlips" and "Girl," for instance—Hirt's masterful technique blends with, rather than dominates, what the other musicians are saying.

Other standouts: "Snap Back," "Harlem Hendoo" and "Ludwig."

★★★ **Sil Austin Plays Pretty For The People Again** (Mercury)—Comparisons, they say, are odious, but it sometimes seems inevitable that the new be measured against the already established. In this instance, Austin's tenor sax reveals the influence of an Arnett Cobb or an Illinois Jacquet.

This is no put-down, but a high recommendation. Indeed, Austin has a smoothness of style that may even prove more pleasing to those who prefer their jazz straight down the pike. With excellent backing, Austin takes off on "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Cry Me a River," "Harlem Nocturne" and "Save the Last Dance for Me."

CLASSICAL

★★★★ **Vivaldi: The Four Seasons** (Odyssey)—Baroque buffs can benefit by the bumper crop of recordings of this most popular work, first published in Amsterdam in 1725. This version by Max Goberman and the New York Sinfonietta should get the nod over other recent releases, if only because the composer's own sonnets are read in the original Italian by Luciano Rebay at the end of the recording. It's a distinctive addition, and English translation is supplied on the jacket cover.

Soloists Ariana Bronne, Sonya Monosoff, Helen Kwalwasser and Nadia Koutzen supply the necessary spirit and drive for Vivaldi's cycle of violin concertos.

★★★★ **Franck: Psyche,** The Czech Philharmonic Chorus and The Prague Symphony Orchestra (Crossroads)—Pity poor Mme. Franck, who flatly refused to listen to this masterpiece! Composed in 1887-88, during the last part of Franck's life, *Psyche* is a passionate, sensuous work. (That, no doubt, is why both Cesar's wife and his contemporaries shrank from it.)

This album is a delight, as both orchestra and chorus release all the emotion the apparently henpecked composer compressed into the lovely music.

★★★★ **Stravinsky Conducts The Firebird Suite and Petrushka Suite** (Columbia)—It is indeed a happy event when the composer can conduct an orchestra playing his own score. The Columbia Symphony Orchestra does not let the maestro down.

Stravinsky's own words in the liner notes tell how he rewrote *Petrushka* in 1947, improving on the original version, and he confesses that he never heard *The Firebird* performed in Russia, his native land.

In this recording of suites from both these magnificent ballets, he brings his genius to the whole world with his own highly praised international accent.

★★★ **Borodin: Symphony No. 2 in B Minor; Tchaikovsky: Romeo And Juliet,** Saxon State Orchestra (Heliodor)—Alexander Borodin was a leading member of the "young Russian" school of composers which had such a profound effect on music of modern times, as well as its own day. His second symphony and "In the Steppes of Central Asia" are graphically presented here under the skilled baton of Kurt Sanderling.

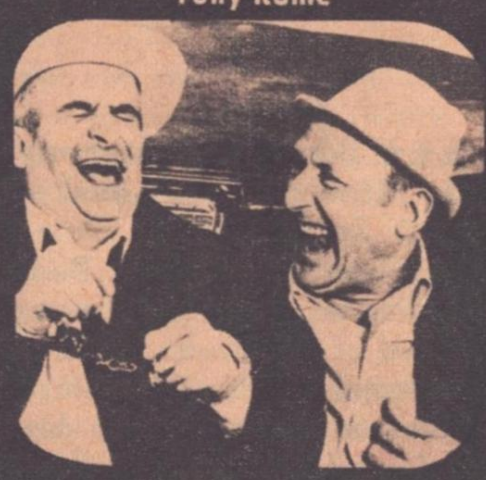
Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky's great fantasy-overture for Shakespeare's star-crossed lovers—though more in tune with prevailing trends in Western Europe—was initially greeted with indifference. Since then, of course, it has become one of the composer's best known works, and the performance and production given it here are superb.

WHAT'S AT THE MOVIES

Far From The Madding Crowd

The Jungle Book

Tony Rome



The Sucker

by GEORGE CUTTINGHAM

Far From The Madding Crowd (MGM; COLOR)

Thomas Hardy's England—with lush meadowlands overlooking the sea and with its simple people playing out their lives with cards dealt by nature and by chance—is brought to immensely attractive, nostalgic life in this work by the team (writer, director, and star) that made *Darling*. The story of an English girl of the last century, the farm she inherits and the three men who share her destiny, may seem quaint on a screen grown used to violence, but those who enjoy high romance in the old tradition, acted by an exceptional cast (Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, Alan Bates, Prunella Ransome), with gorgeously re-created and photographed country backgrounds, will find this a deeply satisfying, memorable movie.

The Jungle Book (BUENA VISTA; COLOR)

An easygoing bum of a bear has the voice of Phil Harris, a paternal panther sounds like Sebastian Cabot, Louis Prima speaks the lines of the rockin', rollin' King Louie of the Apes, and George Sanders is heard as the tiger "heavy," in this animated feature from the studios of Walt Disney. The story traces the adventures of a little "man cub" who wants to stay with his friends, the animals, till he sees his first pretty girl drawing water from a stream. Your cubs will love it!

Tony Rome (20TH CENTURY-FOX; COLOR)

Tony Rome is a middle-aged private eye who lives on a boat docked at Miami and brightens his dreary, danger-shadowed days with wisecracks and occasional girls. If that sounds pretty traditional, that's just what it means to be: a good, suspenseful crime tale in the tradition of Sam Spade, Mickey Spillane, Harper *et al.* Frank Sinatra is good as Rome—a weary Lothario with a slightly gamey sense of humor—and Jill St. John, Richard Conte, Gena Rowlands, Simon Oakland and the attractive backgrounds add to the familiar fun.

The Sucker (ROYAL FILMS; COLOR)

A vacationing *schlemiel* gets suckered into driving a loot-laden Cadillac (dope in the tailfins, diamonds in the battery, gold under the chrome) from Italy to France, and has the time of his life—including pleasant interludes with a cute manicurist and a nature-loving *fraulein*. The European views help when the comedy wears thin, but the best sight of all is Louis De Funes, whose apoplectic gangster is the funniest performance of the year.

Wait Until Dark (WARNER BROS.—SEVEN ARTS; COLOR)

To the pleasant Greenwich Village apartment of photographer Sam Hendrix (Efrem Zimbalist Jr.) and his recently blinded wife Suzy (Audrey Hepburn) comes a trio of sinister characters in search of a doll stuffed with heroin: Talman (Richard Crenna) is a charming con man who pretends to Suzy that he and Sam were Marine buddies, Carlino (Jack Weston) is a mug pretending to be a cop, and Roat (Alan Arkin) is a psychopathic creep who plans to terrorize the innocent Suzy into revealing the whereabouts of the doll. The suspense builds to a memorably frightening moment which stood many a hair on end during the Broadway run of this melodrama and is just as chilling in this handsomely produced film.

Reflections In A Golden Eye (WARNER BROS.—SEVEN ARTS)

Marlon Brando as a pudgy Southern major who yearns for one of his enlisted men . . . Elizabeth Taylor as his puffy-chested Woolf-ish wife . . . Brian Keith as a genial neighbor who shares Liz's love of riding and adultery . . . Julie Harris as a neurotic biddy who once mutilated herself with the garden shears and now spends her time prattling with her effeminate Filipino houseboy . . . Robert Forster as the soldier for whom Brando lusts, a dumb animal of a man who spends his days riding naked on a beautiful horse and then dons sneakers at night to slip into Liz's bedroom and fondle her undies while she sleeps. . . . You might think all this would add up to *something* interesting, but be prepared for disappointment. As directed here by John Huston, Carlson McCullers' tension-charged tale emerges more as a drab, amber-ish comedy of the absurd than as effective drama.

the Greatest gift

A story about Carol Burnett and her sister which will inspire you and touch your heart begins on next page

Their dying mother had one precious possession left... which she gave to Carol

Carol grew up to be an actress—and Baby wrote this story!

"Sissy" & "Chrissie" in 1949—before tragedy struck at Mama (top photo).

You really have to know the background to understand what Christmas 1957 means to Carol and me. Ten years ago, I lived with Mama and Grandmother near Wilcox and Yucca in Hollywood. They had two tiny apartments (one room, bath and kitchen) right across the hall from each other. I used to peek out the door in my underwear, then leap across the hall to the other apartment! We lived poorly. It wasn't terrible, but I couldn't live that way now. We didn't have much bread, that's for sure.

Before she left home, Carol, poor thing, had all her dates in the lobby. I used to pester her dates—charged them to get rid of me. Of course, I had to wait for the right moment (*Continued on page* 68)

BY CHRIS BURNETT

Later, in New York, Carol mothered her teenage sister with tough-but-tender care.

Their beloved Grandmother is gone now, too.

Cozy with Chris (Mrs. Will Hutchins) and Jennifer Hutchins, 2, Carol Burnett says of her niece: "She will never know what we went through."

JOHNNY CARSON'S DRINKING ... *Why he had to stop!*

● The fact that Johnny Carson is "on the wagon" seemed as unlikely to make headlines as the fact that Ed McMahon slapped his arm when the boss told the mosquito joke on "Tonight" . . . yet behind both facts there's quite a story! Ed has been not only Johnny's show announcer and straight-man, but his sidekick and longtime friend. He was also Johnny's drinking companion . . . but that is no longer the close relationship it once was. "I don't drink anymore" is the way

By GEORGE CARPOZI JR.

Johnny put it recently in (Continued on page 84)

That handsome, devil-may-care "Custer" star,
Wayne Maunder, makes a full confession:

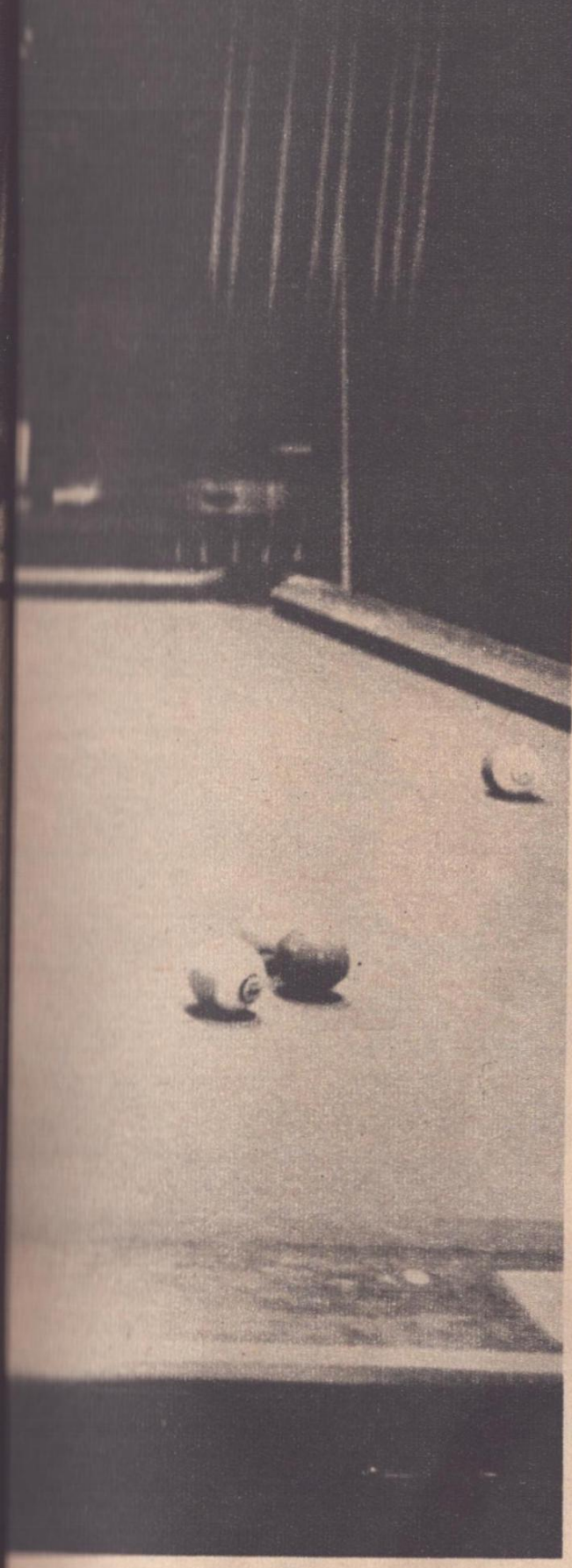
"I WANTED TO RUN

● Wayne Maunder, blond, blue-eyed and a breaker of female hearts, is Peck's Bad Boy gone good. "Trouble," he candidly admits, "was like my middle name. I was always getting into trouble." Since the odds so often seemed against him, he became a rebel. An angry young rebel. Who knows what the ending of his story might have been if good fortune as the title star of "Custer" had not come his way at a crucial time? And Wayne Maunder has scored a great personal success, whether or not "Custer" itself has made much of a lasting impression on TV fans. . . .

BY MARCIA BORIE

There were times when it seemed as though every day, as hard as he fought for good things in life, he only came

WILD—and I did!"

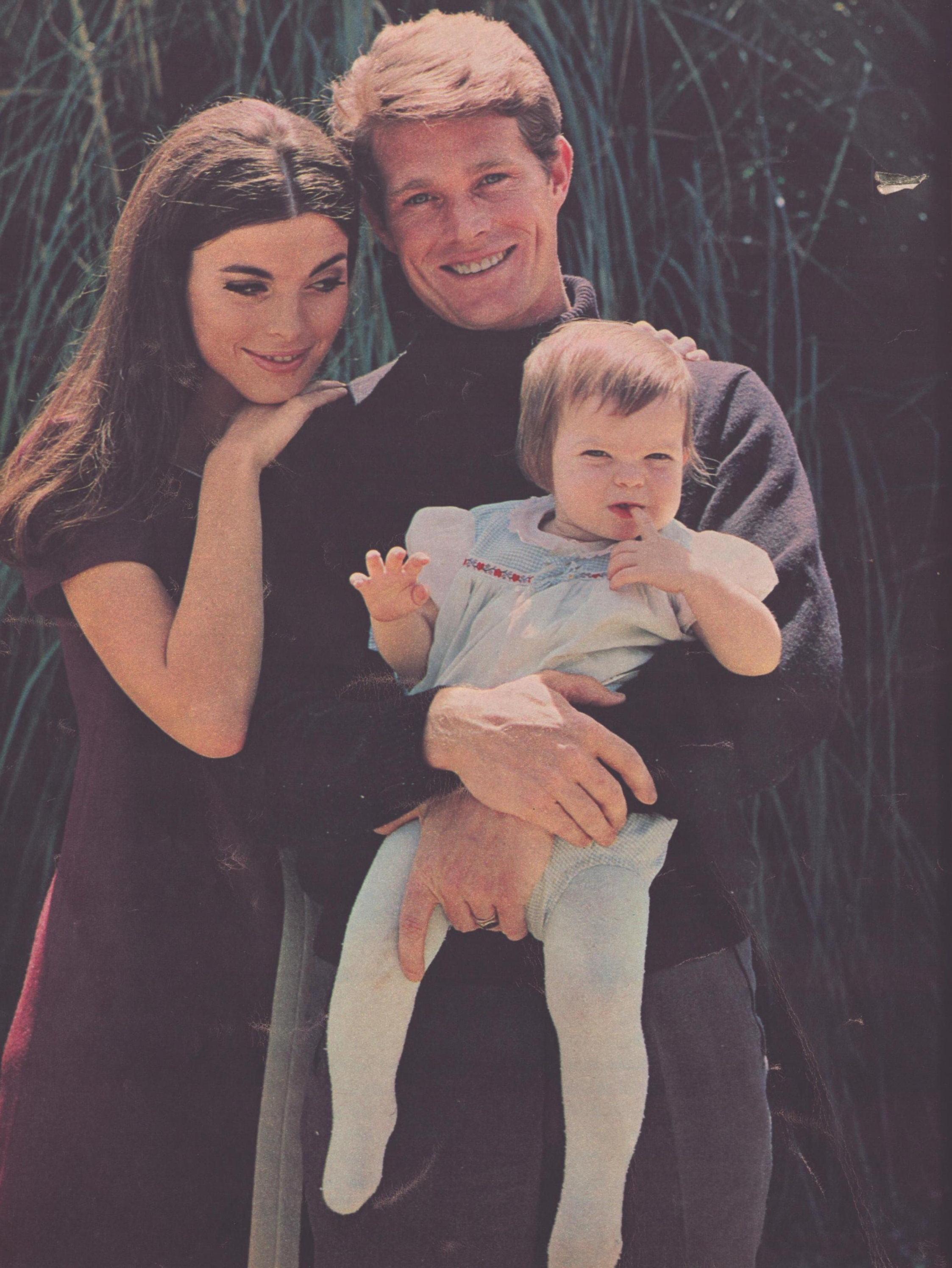


Lovely Lucia Maise has long been the "mystery girl" in Wayne's life. Posing with her here, in imitation of an old-fashioned daguerreotype, he will reveal nothing more than "Lucia is not an actress and we see one another often!" Yes, she knows all about his checkered past.

closer to the bottom instead of the top.

"I was born in Canada—Four Falls, New Brunswick," Wayne says, when asked about his early life. "But I consider Bangor, Maine, my hometown. My father had trouble getting work in Canada so we moved to Maine when I was four. Eventually he got a job at a shipyard in Portland, a hundred miles away. So he moved there and commuted occasionally. So it was my mother who really raised the five of us—two girls, three boys.

"She's a very special woman—my mother. At one time in her life she was both deaf and blind. Now she can see all right, but her hearing has never been very good. Yet despite any physical handicaps, my mother (Continued on page



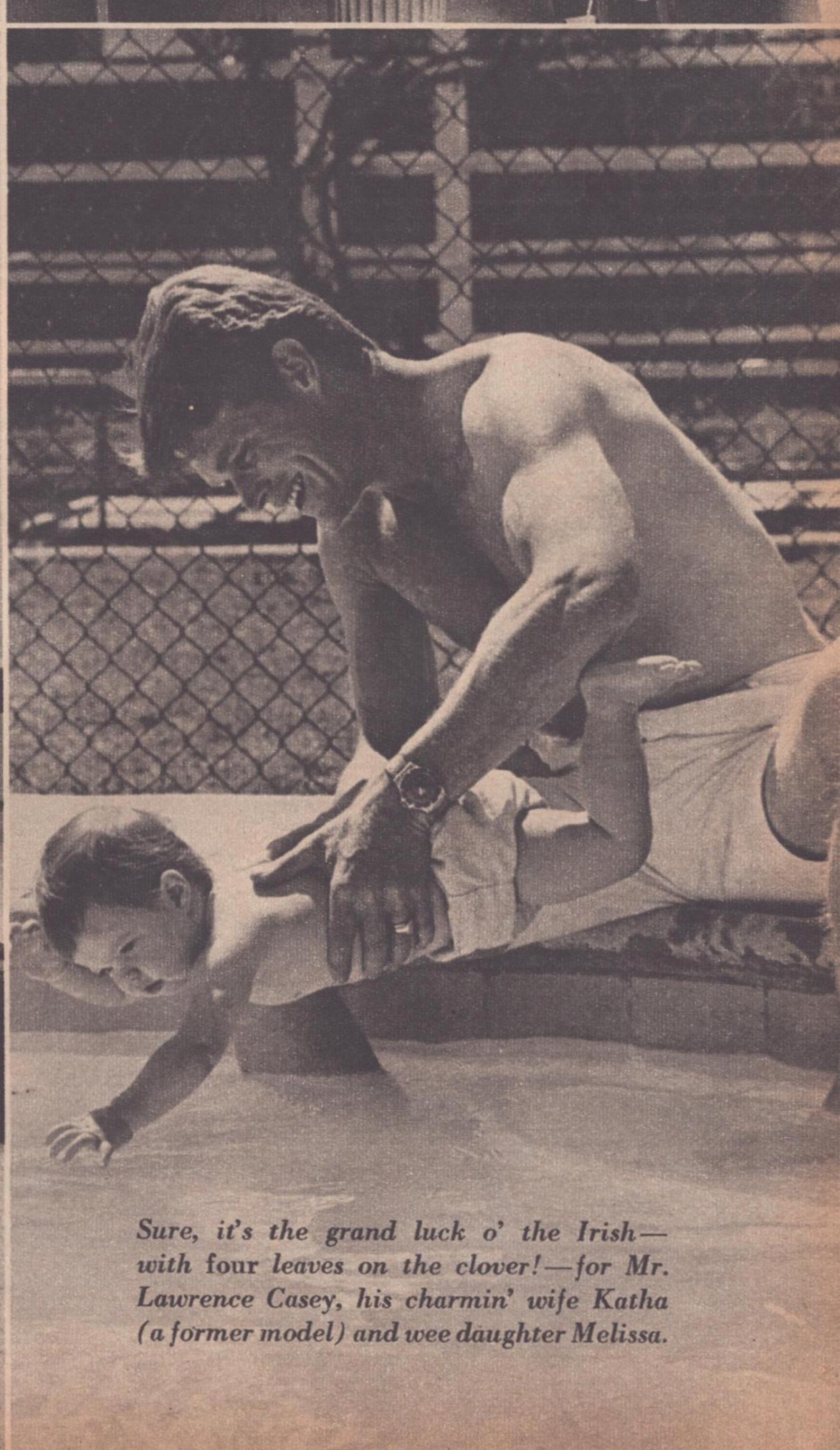
The way fortune smiles on him, "Rat Patrol's" Larry Casey just has to have been

BORN UNDER A SHAMROCK!

How else do you explain it when a boy, one year out of high school, finds himself on Broadway appearing with the legendary Lunt-Fontanne in *The Visit*? Oh, of course he did have previous stage experience—he'd once been a squirrel in an elementary school play! Blond, blue-eyed Larry Casey, a New York City-born Irishman who grew up in suburban Valley Stream, had never considered the stage as a career. Once on the boards, he quickly became stagestruck. As a teenager, he'd dreamed of a baseball career. That hope ended with his father's death, when Larry was 16. There were, you see, seven other youngsters, and Larry had to help support them. Now 28, Larry worked for a construction firm briefly after graduating from high school in 1958. Then came *The Visit* which, miraculously, changed everything. His luck kept getting better from there. In June, 1965, with his marriage to lovely model Katha Dees, he felt as if he had a bit of the Blarney Stone

in his keeping—life couldn't get any better. But it could, and did. August of 1965, they moved West; in October, he was hired for *Rat Patrol.* But best of all, Melissa came along on May 15, 1966. Now happy in his Hollywood

home Larry remembers the hard days —after *The Visit*—when he studied, played minor roles on TV, did his stint in the Army in 1963, then studied with Lee Strasberg. Today, Larry's Irish eyes have plenty to smile about!



Sure, it's the grand luck o' the Irish—with four *leaves on the clover!—for Mr. Lawrence Casey, his charmin' wife Katha (a former model) and wee daughter Melissa.*

When Peggye Vickers flew in from Dallas—on a ticket from Leonard—everybody in town got a chance to meet

THE "OTHER GIRL" IN LEONARD NIMOY'S LIFE

● How would you feel if a pretty little secretary had a great big crush on your husband—and he told you he was "doing something about it in a great big way"? Well, Leonard Nimoy's wife Sandy didn't even bat an eye when the fascinating Mr. Spock of "Star Trek" confessed he wanted to bring the young lady to town, practically right into their home!

Actually, the most shattering reaction came from "the other woman" in the case. For Peggye Vickers, this had to shape up as the fling of a lifetime. Peggye (who added that E to her name in high school "just to be different") is a curvaceous 27-year-old divorcee who lives with her daughter Leslie, 2, in Garland, Texas, on the outskirts of Dallas. And was she ever surprised when she opened her mail one Wednesday morning last fall and an airline ticket fluttered out!

"Would you please come to Hollywood as my guest next week?" said the accompanying note. A very brief note, discreetly signed "Mr. Spock."

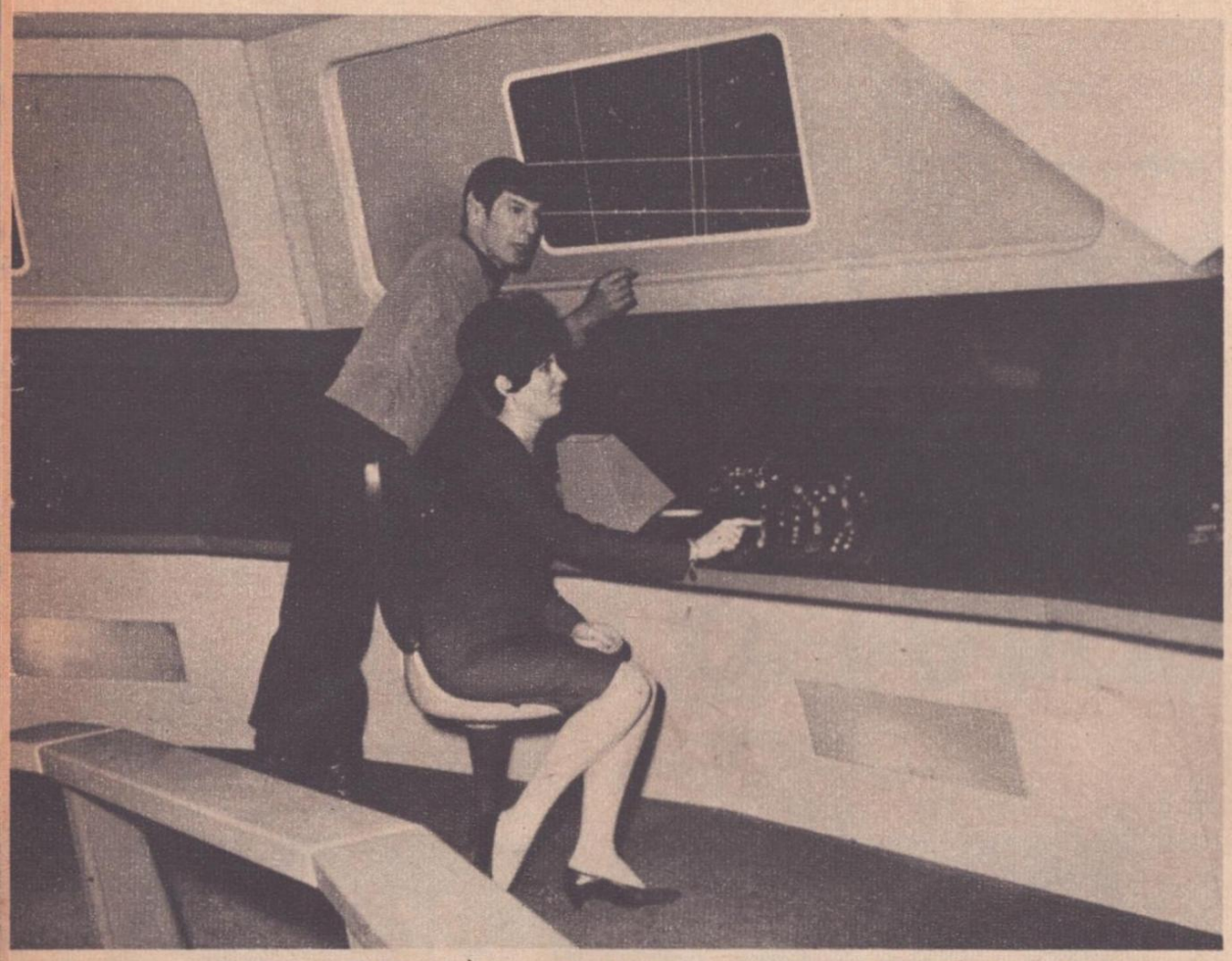
"I stopped breathing for four hours," Peggye now admits. This was something she'd never imagined, even in her wildest dreams, when it all began.

And how did it all begin?

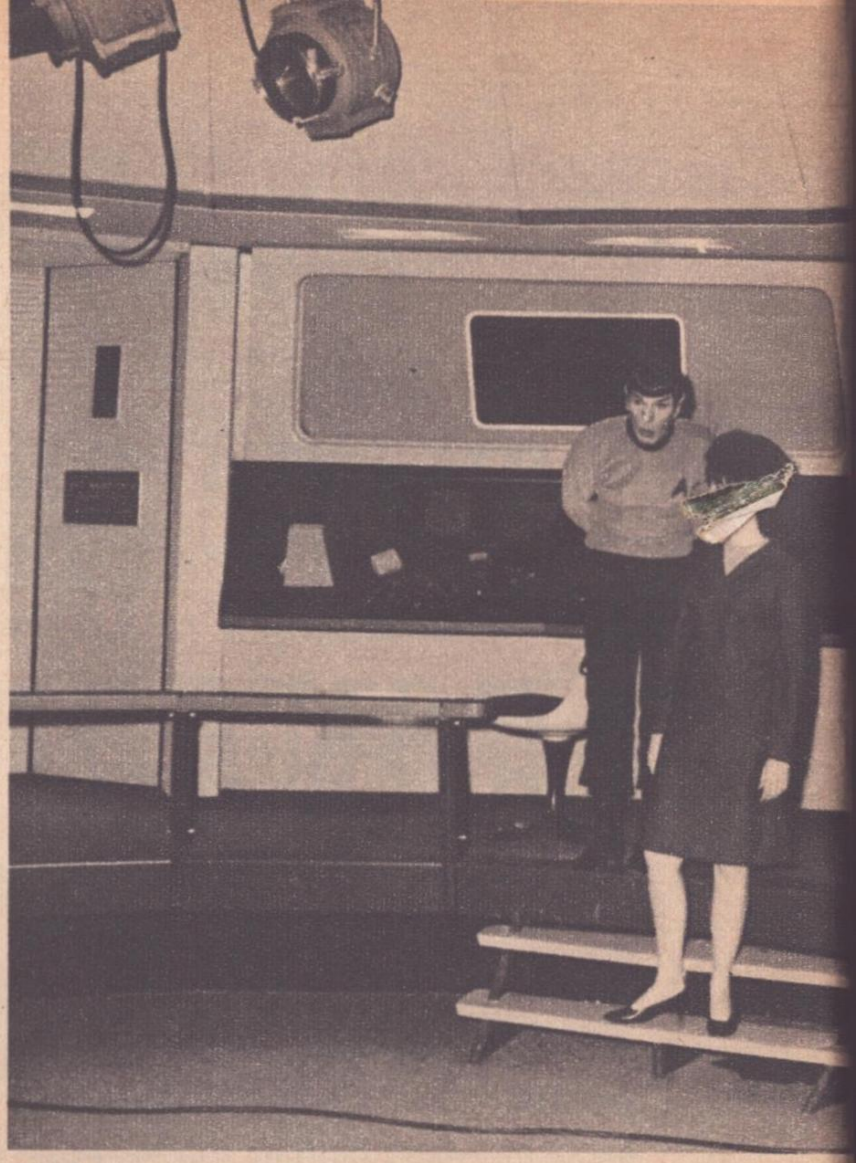
"It was early in October of 1966," she says, still breathless. "I had watched the first two episodes of 'Star Trek' and liked

BY GARY DENTON

Lenny met Peggye (left) at airport—along with his secretary Teresa and wife Sandy (right)! On facing page, she posed with her idol and part of her "big project." Did she visit Star Trek*? Just turn page!*



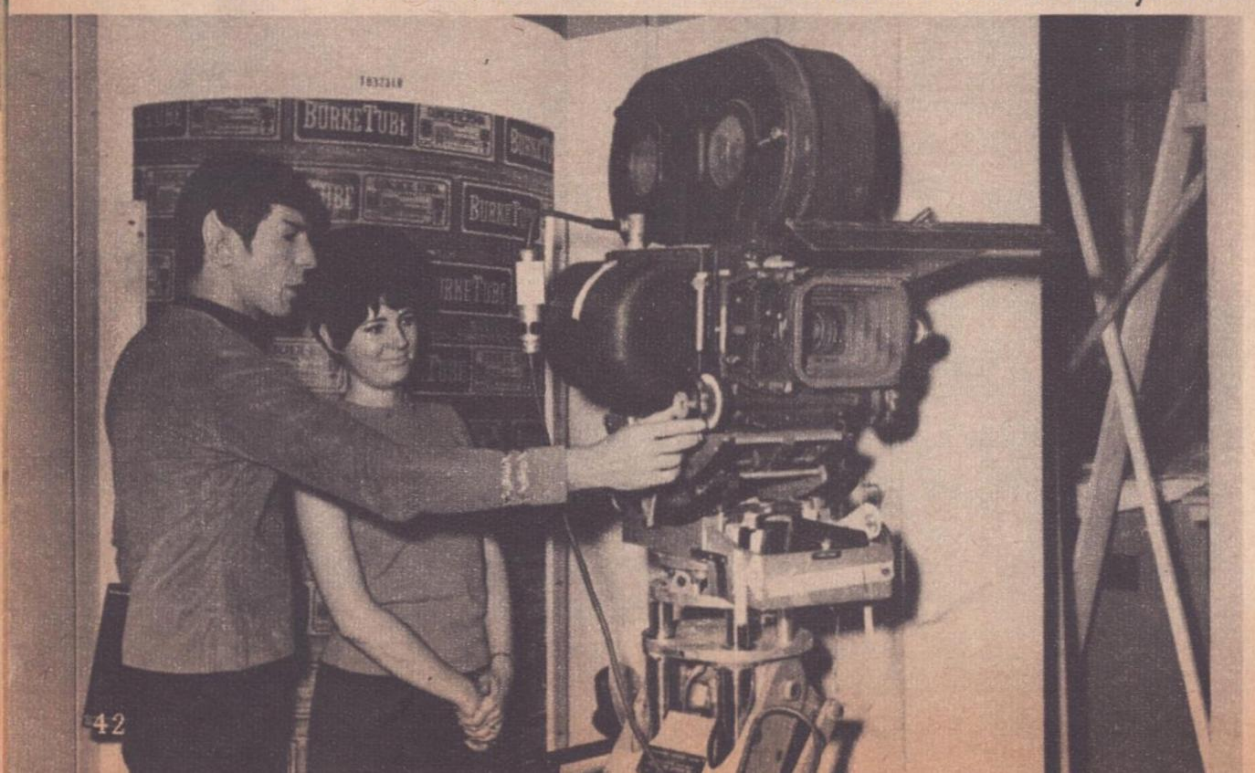
Peggye Vickers aboard the Enterprise—with Mr. Spock himself.



With Lenny beside her, Peggye found simulated spac

She showed Lenny and Terry the project so close to her heart.

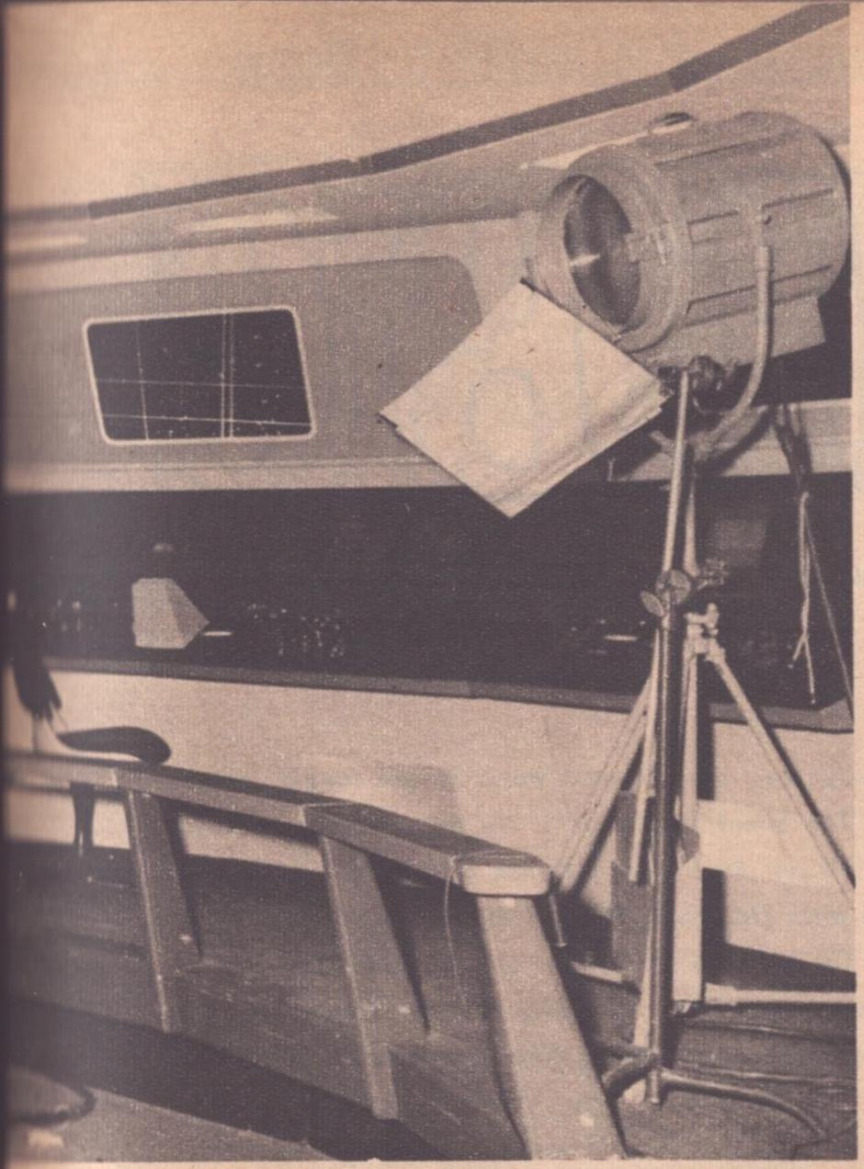
And he showed her how TV creates marvels still in the future.



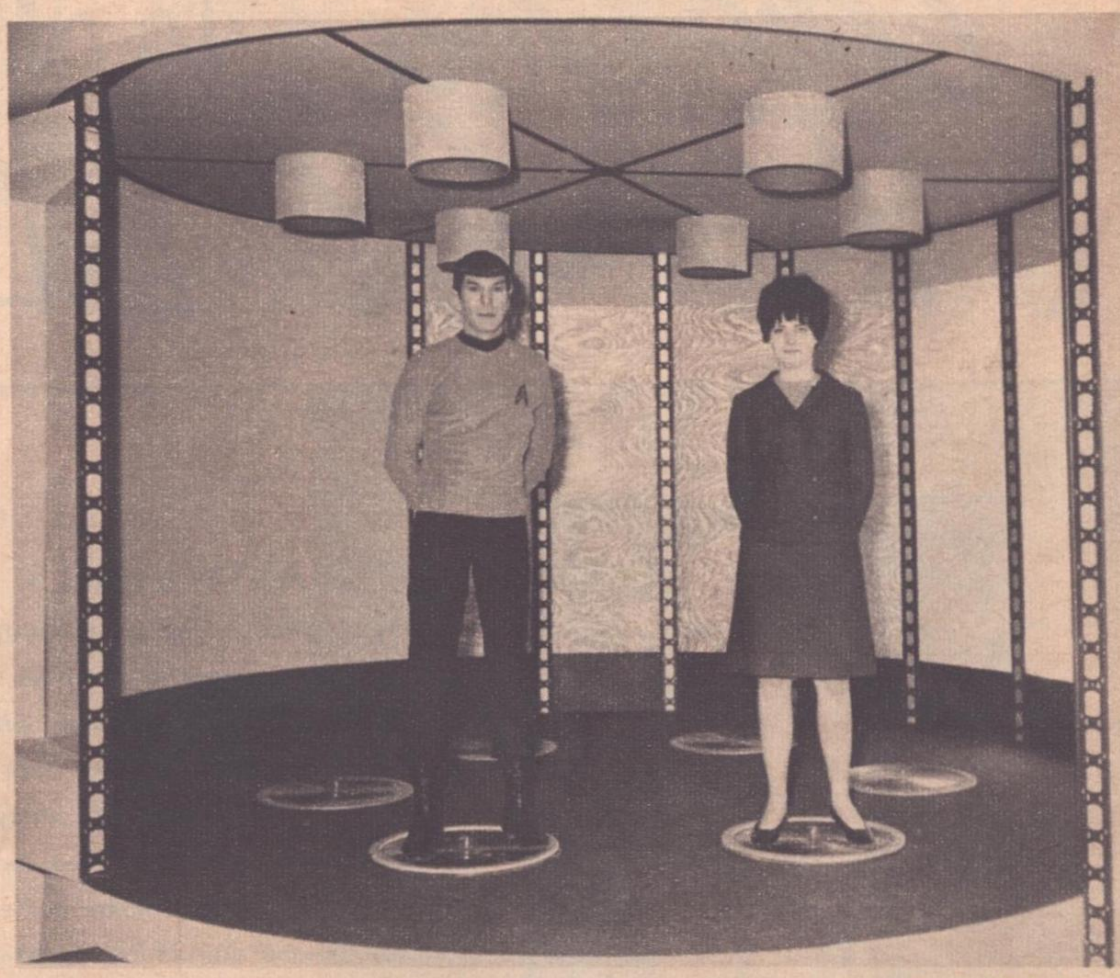
the series. However, it wasn't until the third episode that I became really hooked on it. Leonard Nimoy had a very demanding role that night, as Mr. Spock, and the way he handled it was so emotional that I realized this man was a truly great actor.

"I couldn't sleep that night. My mind was whirling with Nimoy thoughts. The next day, I felt compelled to do something—not just to let him know how I felt—but others, (Continued on page 74)

Lunching on the Star Trek *set, she felt like "one*



travel even more exciting than flying to Hollywood!



Peggye didn't need "the beam" to feel transported with delight!

Dack Rambo, above, asked if Peggye was an actress!

In the thick of action—director Joe Pevney at right.

She brought flowers for Sandy Nimoy on visit to their home.

the crew."

Are You Ready? THE BIG

BY MARTY INGELS: *This Brooklyn boy doesn't need words to get laughs (that's why he stars in the pre-talkie-type film "The Silent Treatment"). He doesn't have to open his mouth—except to prove he has teeth ("I just have more LIP than most people")! But he has also been "talking funny" almost from birth (March 9, 1936). Trouble was, Marty wanted to be taken seriously. That didn't happen till 20 years later, when he won $6,000 on "Name That Tune." He sunk that, studying at Pasadena Playhouse; nearly sunk the Playhouse, too, with his emoting. Since then, he's been "discovered" by Steve Allen (for network TV), Jerry Lewis (for movies), home audiences (for "I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster" and Phyllis Diller shows)—and now TVRM (proving Marty can get laughs with words when he writes them)!*

With our video sadly diminished,
There's another day coming I rue—
When the chores of our friends will be finished
And, for sure, they'll have *nothing to do:*

IMPOSSIBLE MISSION completed,
N.Y.P.D. will clean all the crimes up,
The CIMARRON marshal's defeated
And GOMER goes home when his time's up;
ED SULLIVAN's now Alec Guinness,
TARZAN loses one with a pantha,
They'll all start believing ROY THINNES
And the neighbors will burn witch SAMANTHA.

When NEWLYWEDS aren't sitting pretty
And JUDD failed the bar (it's confided),
DANIEL BOONE will get work in the city
While THE BIG VALLEY gets subdivided;
CAROL BURNETT begins getting nervous
When the FAMILY AFFAIR gets too sordid,
PEYTON PLACE will get counseling service,
The GORILLAS will stop 'cause the war did!

All THE RAT PATROL's orders will cease then
And there's no one who hasn't been DATED;
THE WILD WEST will just hire some policemen—
While HOGAN gets repatriated;
We will see that THE NUN has stopped winging
And JACK WEBB's advice isn't heeded,
THE TELEPHONE HOUR will stop ringing
While our AFRICAN COWBOY's stampeded.

When there's one GUNSMOKE can't get the drop on,
The bangs on THE MONKEES start thinning,
JEANNIE's bottle's misplaced with the top on
And CUSTER decides to start winning;
When "Ralph" GLEASON tires of his "Alice"
And old LASSIE bites her(?) director,
Young rebels take HOLLYWOOD's PALACE—
And DEAN MARTIN runs out of nectar.

When the BATMOBILE must pull a trailer
And P.D.Q. runs out of letters,
The HILLBILLIES all get a tailor
As moths get ANDY WILLIAMS' sweaters!
THE VIRGINIAN grows tired of gunning,
JERRY LEWIS does one sketch in earnest,
THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS stop funning
And DAKTARI becomes an internist.

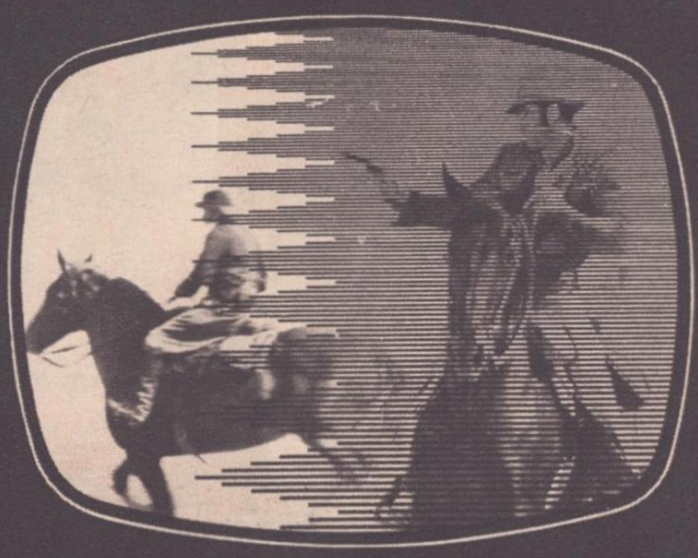
TV BLACKOUT!

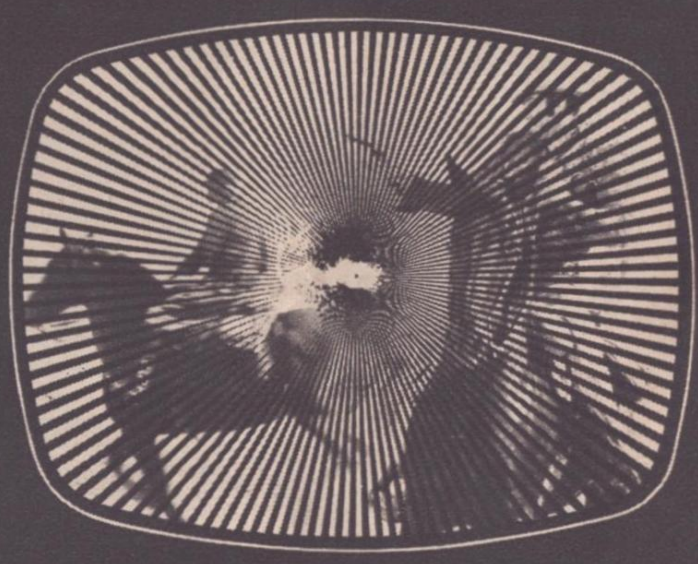
When HE AND SHE won't exchange kisses,
THE F.B.I.—for once—is a loser,
MY THREE SONS each have a new missus
And MANNIX' computer turns out a boozer;
When CRONKITE incurs laryngitis,
HIGH CHAPARRAL has "growing" troubles,
THE MOTHERS-IN-LAW have arthritis
And WELK is *allergic* to bubbles.

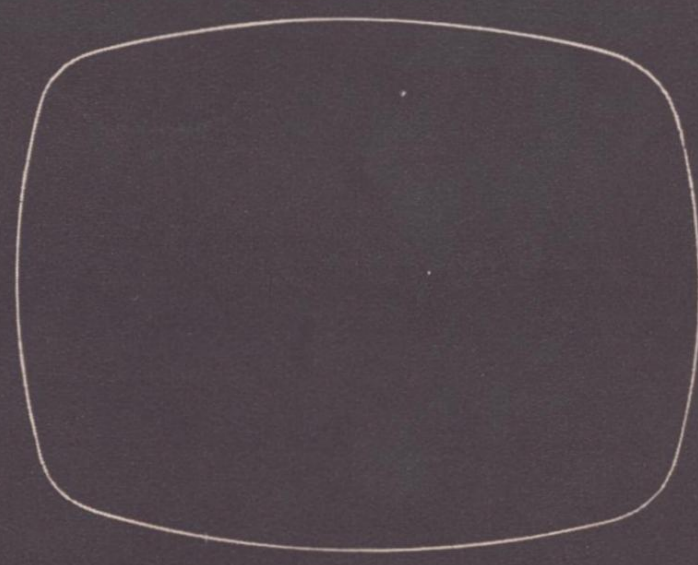
BOB CULP and BILL COSBY stop speaking
And FELONY SQUAD just won't buy that;
WILL SONNETT will find what he's seeking
While GET SMART might just up and *try* that!
MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. would rather go necking,
LOST IN SPACE gets a smidgen too eager,
They will all reach that STAR and stop TREKing
As RED SKELTON turns Little Leaguer.

THE IRON HORSE gets sold; THAT GIRL just gets old;
DANNY THOMAS is through; GENTLE BEN eats the crew;
THE CARTWRIGHTS head East; GREEN ACRES is leased;
Our Miss LUCY retires; that LIFE-RUN expires;
JOHNNY CARSON is weathered; JOE PYNE tarred & feathered;
ANDY GRIFFITH is jailed; all RE-RUNS have failed;
They've run out of FEATURES and all MOVIE creatures...
On and on, on and on, till my sanity's gone!

And so now I have shown all the facts to bemoan,
Hence my deed doesn't go without reason:
I will start in, with glee, to *dissect my TV*
(And then put it together next season).



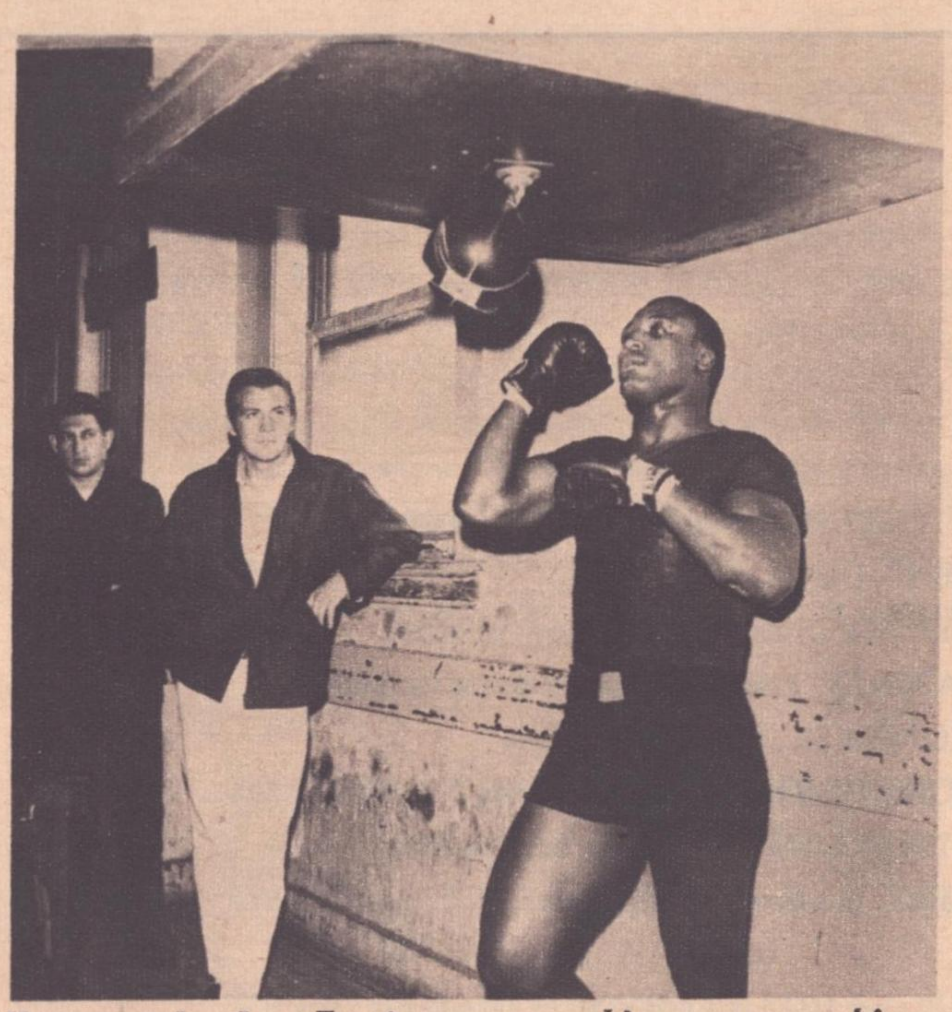




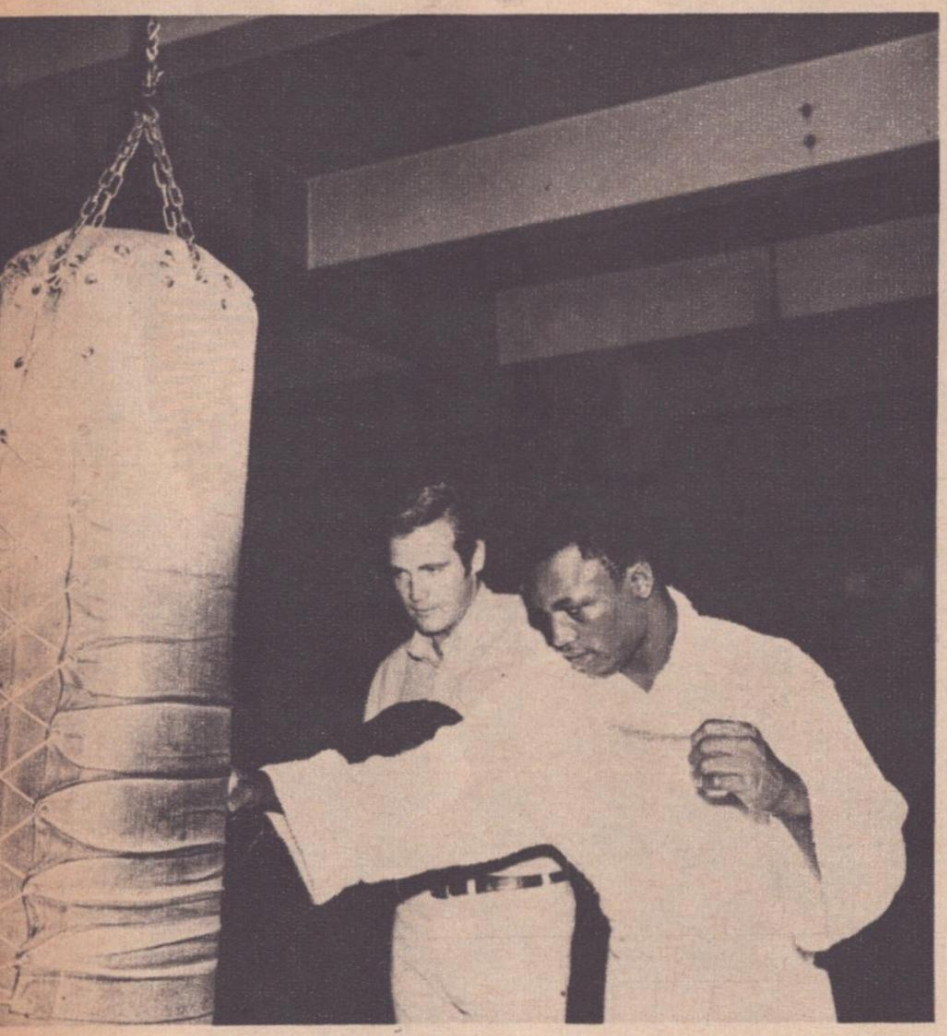
LEE MAJORS
VS. HEAVYWEIGHT
JOE FRAZIER

Just Asking for a

When Lee Majors visited a gym in downtown Los Angeles he had no idea what he was in for.



Heavyweight Joe Frazier was working out punching the speed bag under careful fan Lee's admiring eye.



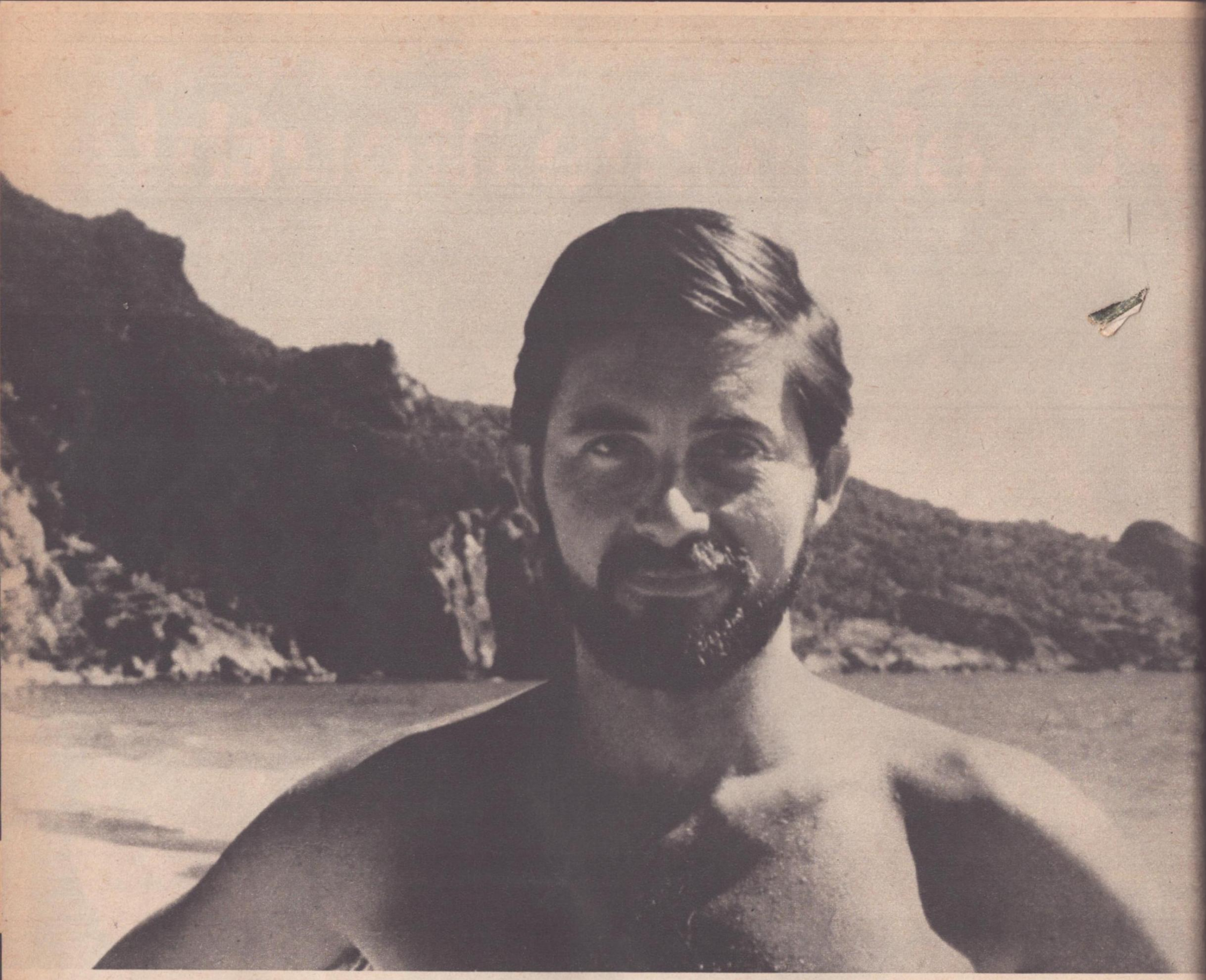
So Joe invited Lee to have a go at punching the heavy bag and learn a few boxing tricks.

How about a quick round or two in the ring? Joe's got the gloves. Lee's got a few misgivings about the idea.

Punch In the Mouth!

Someday Lee may be able to boast that he once fought the World's Champ! Of course, he was wise to concede the match!

● Joe Frazier, contender for Cassius Clay's heavyweight crown, has a philosophy in the ring: "It's me or you, baby, and I'm going to make sure it's you!" Now, Lee Majors probably didn't know that when he dropped in for a workout at the Main Street gym in Los Angeles. He almost got more than a workout—more like a rub-out! The 5'11½" 240-pound Frazier won heavyweight laurels at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics—now, in fun, he was gunning for another kind of star. The ex-slaughterhouse worker and hero of "The Big Valley" climbed into the ring after a few swings at the punching bags. You could see Lee didn't intend to stay long—he didn't even bother to take off his shirt. Almost as the bell rang Lee was waving Joe's arm proclaiming: "The winner and soon to be champ!"



Look for a wedding later this month on CBS-TV's ever-popular *As The World Turns.* Penny Hughes Wade (Rosemary Prinz) is getting married—again! Her "groom" will be that one-time bad-guy Roy McGuire (Konrad Matthaei), who not so long ago split up with his "wife," Sandy (Dagne Crane).

Heaven—and the scriptwriters—only knows what manner of man Penny is getting in the complicated Roy McGuire. What we *could* tell her is that the handsome actor who plays him, Konrad Matthaei, is *twice* as complicated—but in the nicest, most interesting sort of way!

Eloquent in speech, suave in manner, Konrad—or Super K, as his real-life wife calls him—is every inch a gentleman. So much so that it is highly incongruous to see him, impeccably groomed, conservatively mod, suddenly don bike gear, hop on his Honda and zap down to CBS, where he zips on a laboratory jacket and becomes in a theatrical wink Roy McGuire—ex-con trying to make good as a medical technologist at Memorial Hospital.

BY BRETT BOLTON

Proof of his sterling acting abilities is that Konrad's background is nothing in the least like that of the tough semi-literate

Big news on
"As The World Turns"

THE MAN WHO'S MARRYING PENNY HUGHES

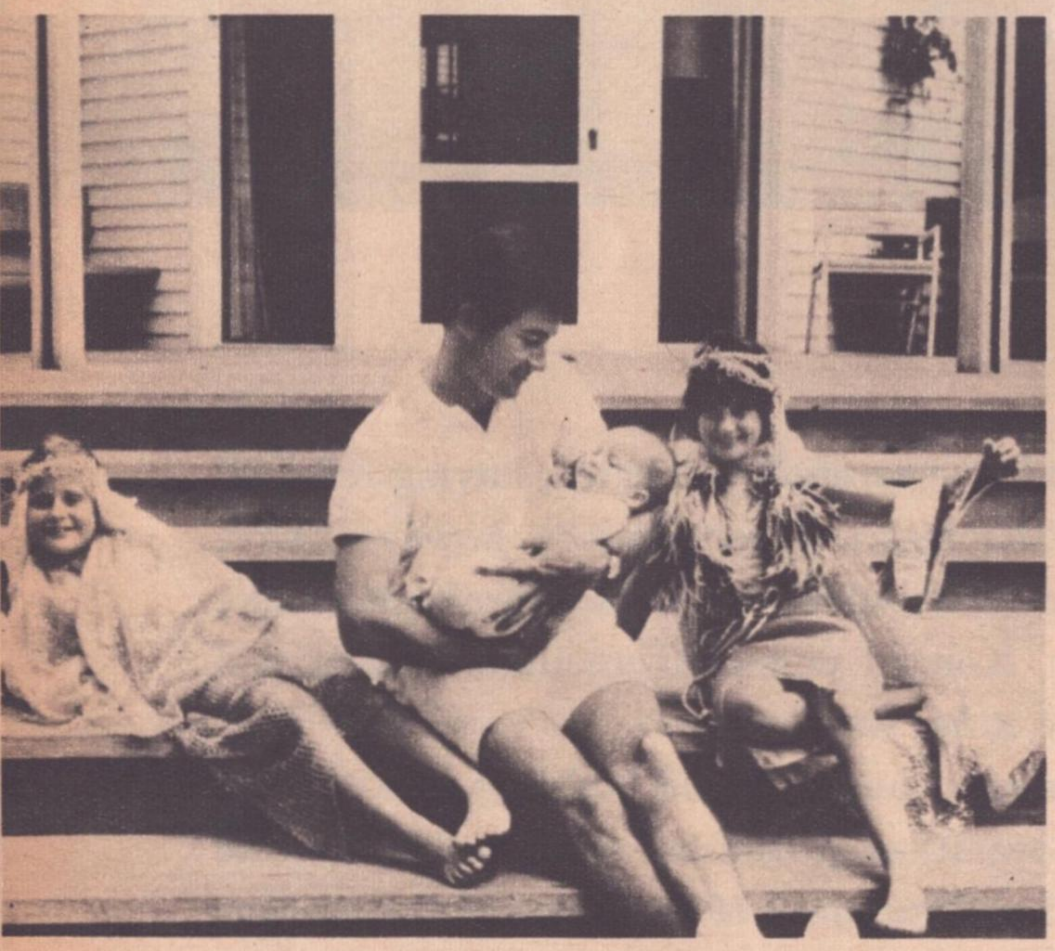
he portrays. The son of a selfmade millionaire, Konrad was carefully educated, having received a B.A. at Yale and a master's at the University of Michigan. These degrees, however, have been of little value to him since, except in business ventures outside his chosen profession. Like his father, you see, and his grandfather before him, Konrad possessed an inner compulsion that caused him to strike out on his own and make it *his* way.

In Detroit, where Konrad was born about 32 years ago, there's an old building on Michigan Avenue that once was his grandfather's store. Above it, engraved in stone and still quite visible to the eye of a passerby, is the legend *Konrad Matthaei—1901*. His grandfather was an Alsatian, born in Alsace-Lorraine, the region of France annexed by Germany in 1871.

Grandfather Matthaei passed on his determination to succeed in this land of opportunity to his son, Frederick, Super K's dad.

Frederick Matthaei is a dynamic man of dominant personality. He started as a grocery boy in his father's store and wound up as a king in the automotive industry, founding American Metal Products. Yes, Super K was born with a silver spoon but it just didn't go with his cup of

Says Konrad of his children, Leslie, 7; infant Konrad Jr.; Marcy, 9 (l to r), "They are my avocation. Sailing is our mutually favorite pastime." They "toot around Long Island Sound." Horseback riding is pa's solo time.



tea. He wanted to act. His father was sorely opposed. Who ever heard of a Matthaei wanting to act? There had never been an actor in the family's history.

To Papa Matthaei, acting was anything but an honorable profession—it was *no* profession! It was utter nonsense.

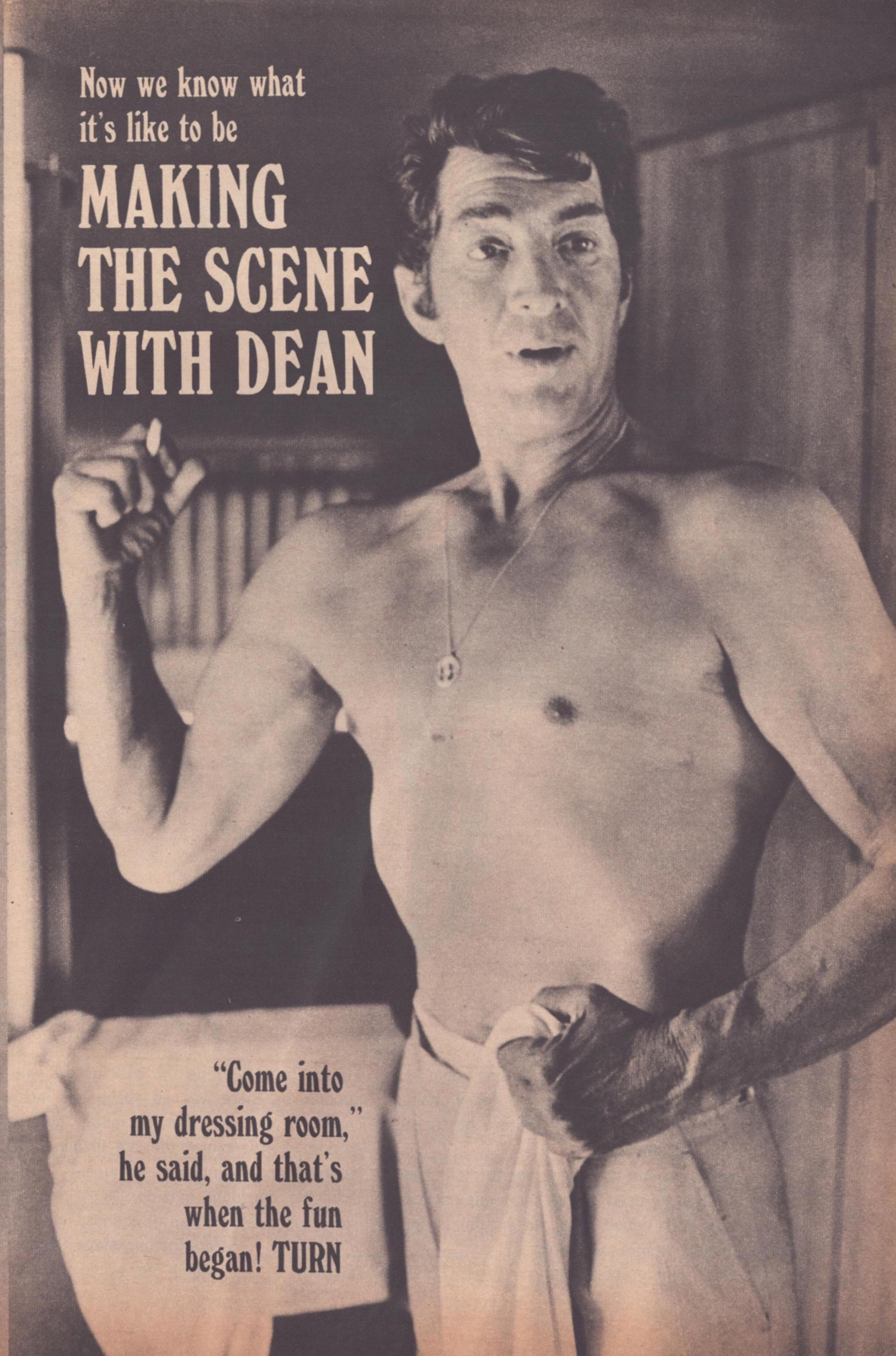
Acting was a late discovery for Konrad and it all began when he joined the Air Force just after graduating from the University of Michigan.

He was assigned to the Intelligence Division and later found himself in theatre productions while in Special Services. He discovered he enjoyed it, and while stationed in Washington, he entered the Catholic University, taking drama classes for a year. He realized more and more he not only liked acting —he loved it. But, with his return home and his father's plans for his future, Konrad filed away in some day-dreaming corner of his mind all thoughts of the theatre. For two years.

When he married Gay he settled down to the "cushy" life, complete with a job as sales engineer for his dad's company. They integrated comfortably into their community and Konrad found himself involved in local theatre groups. Finally he recognized his calling and, unlike many, followed it.

Gay didn't dissuade him. She loved him and was more than glad to help her man find himself—so Gay, one-year-old Marcy and Konrad defied "Papa M" and left Detroit, not knowing how or if Konrad would make it in the theatre.

Gay's parents lived in Pelham, New York, and they welcomed the arrival of the Matthaei Three with open arms. Gay went back to work while Konrad took any kind of acting job with any kind of stock company, and got a job selling (*Continued on page* 79)


Now we know what
it's like to be
MAKING
THE SCENE
WITH DEAN
"Come into
my dressing room,"
he said, and that's
when the fun
began! TURN

MAKING THE SCENE WITH DEAN

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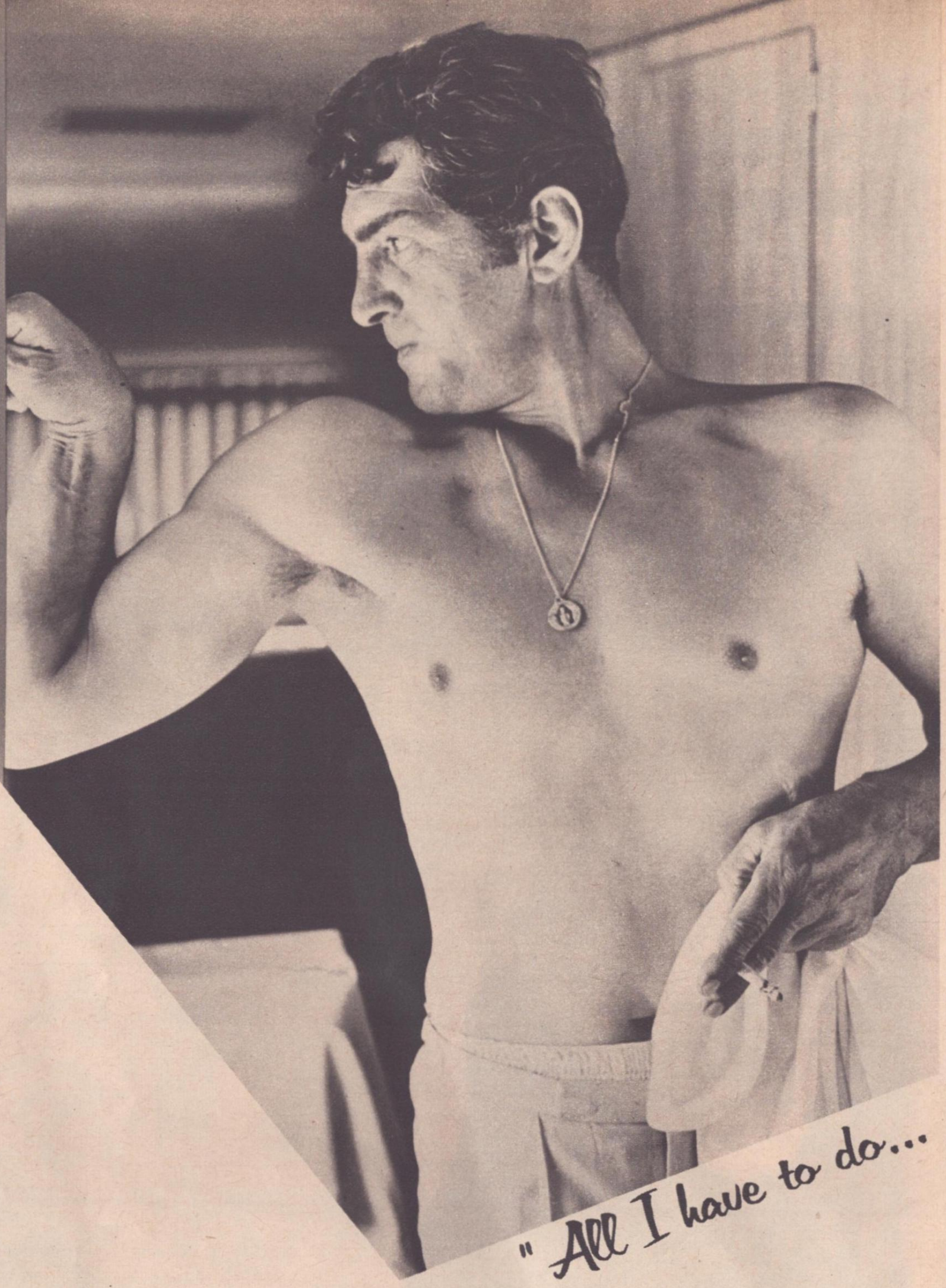


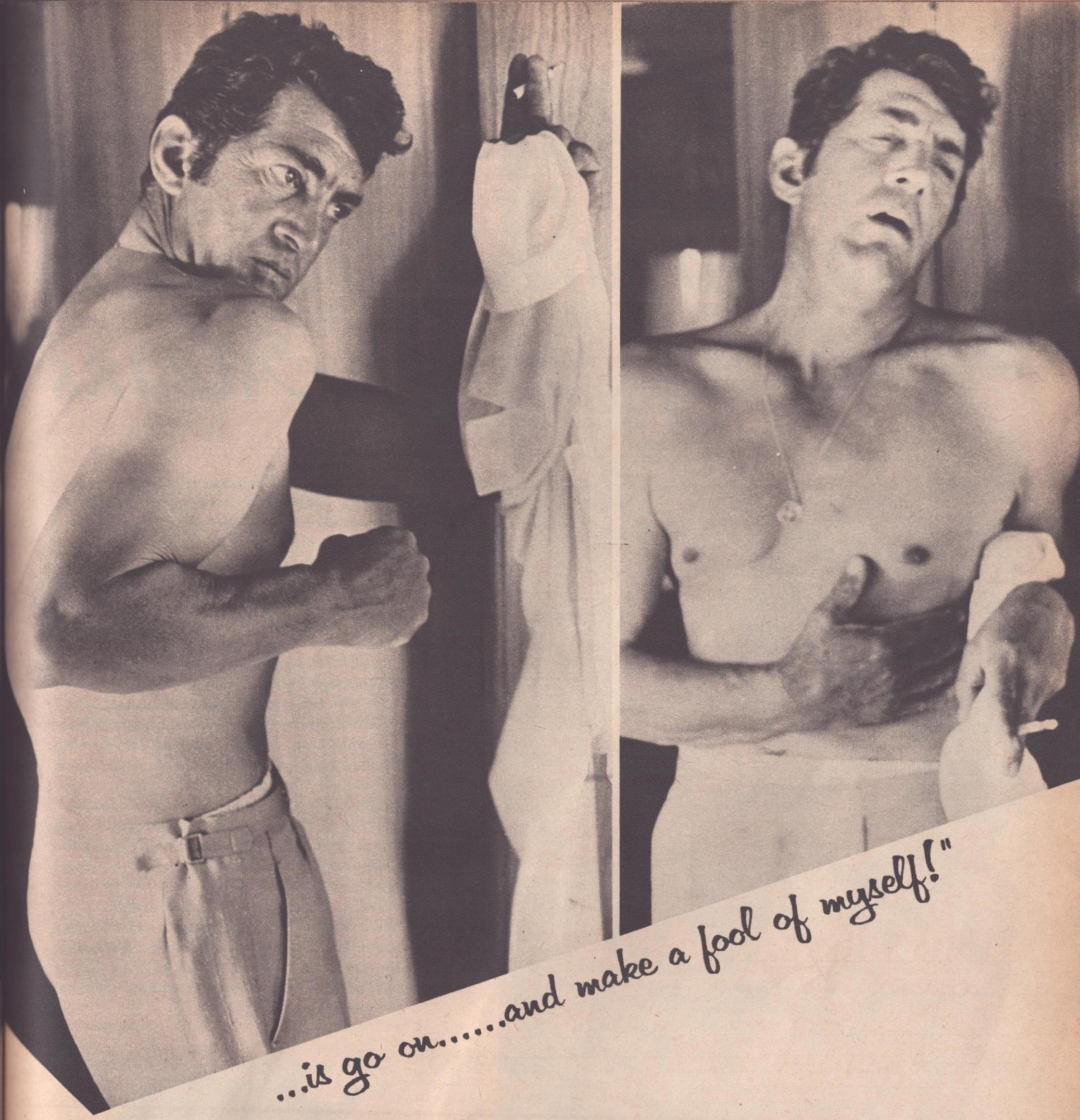
"All I have to do...

● After welcoming us into his dressing room at NBC, Dean Martin sprawled out in an easy chair, cool as an iced martini. The neatest of tricks on a boiling hot afternoon!

Everywhere around him there was turmoil. The auditorium that he used for his show was packed to the walls with people who had written in for tickets months before. Outdoors, crowds were milling about, ignoring the heat, ignoring the NBC ushers who kept announcing there was no space left inside, no chance of one more fan, no matter how ardent, getting in. The crowd did not disperse. It kept jamming up, hoping against hope.

In the corridors outside Dino's room, NBC executives hustled in all directions, finding spots before the backstage TV monitors, on which they would check out the

BY RUTH WATERBURY



show. The film editor, the script editor, Dean's oldest son, Craig, who is the show's production coordinator, the musicians, Dean's agents—all were there. It was a scene of controlled chaos.

In the dressing rooms on either side of Dean's were two of his guest stars, one of whom, Orson Welles, had flown all the way from Rome to keep this date. Directly across the hall was Juliet Prowse, the current belle of the saloon circuit, who preferred a career to being Frank Sinatra's wife.

The quality of his guest stars proved what last year's ratings revealed: Dean Martin is now the hottest male personality in TV. He can get anything his fine Italian heart desires. NBC wants him so much it is paying him $34-million to be faithful to them for the next three years. "It makes me wonder if the government and I are worth it," says Dino. NBC thinks so, (Continued on page 76)

SALLY FIELD:

The Christmas I Learned What Love Really Means

● There's one Christmas I'd like to relive. I was 9 at the time; my brother Ricky, 11. Like most brothers and sisters, we used to have a lot of childish arguments. Sometimes Ricky would hit me and I'd cry, and then Ricky would get in trouble. Lots of times, it was *my* fault—but just the fact that he hit me would get him in trouble. All of a sudden, it was *his* fault, even if I was the one who started the fight! But underneath all the fighting, we really loved each other —as was truly proved that Christmas.

It was raining very hard on Christmas Eve. All night long, I could hear the rain coming down. I could also hear some peculiar noises outside all through the night, but I simply couldn't imagine what they were all about.

With all the excitement of Christmas itself ahead, I didn't sleep very soundly (and the noises kept me wondering what in the world was going on).

Before there was even a hint of light in the sky, I was ready to get up. But Jocko [Sally's stepfather, actor Jock Mahoney] had made it a rule that it had to be *at least* bright enough to read a newspaper without artificial

JOCK MAHONEY

light before we could get up to open our gifts. I finally got up at 5:30 in the morning, when it was still pretty dark and it was still raining outside.

Ricky looked very tired and so did Jocko himself. I couldn't understand it. Usually, they were both *bursting* with energy.

Well, we opened our presents, and I must say I was pleased with mine! But Jocko and Ricky still had an air of suppressed excitement, as though they were waiting for something that hadn't happened yet.

When I'd opened all the presents, Jocko said, "Go and look out the window at the back yard. There's something there I want you to see." I can't remember whether he told me there was a *flower* he wanted me to look at, or just what he said.

But I opened the window, and what I saw took my breath away! Jocko and Ricky had been up *all night* in the back yard while it was *raining*, and they had made me a big playhouse two stories high! It wasn't finished completely, but very nearly so.

The poor dears both had colds because they had stayed out in the rain all night. The strange noises I'd heard had been my brother and stepfather hammering away at that dollhouse, though I hadn't even guessed it!

To realize that they had done all this for me gave me such a warm feeling, I learned right then what *love* really means.

The funny thing was that when I'd first met Jocko (I was only about 4 then), I'd been scared of him because he was so *big* and had such a booming voice!

That Christmas, I simply glowed with that melting feeling inside, realizing that the brother with whom I often fought—and the stepfather I had once almost feared—had conspired and worked all night long in order to build this wonderful surprise for me.

—AS TOLD TO DORA ALBERT

COMING UP NEXT!

A WONDERFUL 12-PAGE ALBUM

LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS STARS

COLOR PORTRAITS!

LIFE STORIES!

FAMILY PHOTOS!

WELK BONUS

THE HIDDEN TRUTH ABOUT LAWRENCE WELK

Above, with wife Fern and son Larry Jr. Facing page, Larry Sr. and Fern with Donna Lee (Mrs. James Mack) and her son Jimmy, 5, left—Laura, 9, David, 6, Robert, 8, Jonathan, 4, and their mom Shirley (Mrs. Robert Fredericks), right. Both daughters wed doctors and the popular maestro himself couldn't have ordered a better prescription for happiness.

● Four of Lawrence Welk's five grandchildren were still in his pool, laughing as they splashed about. He himself had begun his day as usual with a swim, then breakfast, followed by fifteen minutes on the putting green just outside the kitchen door. "Just imagine," observed Welk, "here it is close to Christmas, and we're all enjoying the sunshine. It's quite a different life for my grandchildren than I had as a boy. At their age I believed that California was a place with streets of gold. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd end up here. But I was right about one thing," he laughed. "It did prove to be the land of gold for me."

Two of his grandsons ran up to show him a tiny lizard they had just found on the grass. It looked as if it had been injured. "Go bring it to Grandma," said Welk. "Maybe (*Continued on page* 87)

BY EUNICE FIELD

Until this moment no one but his own family knew the whole story!

WELK STAR

The Mysterious

● Jim Roberts is the picture of vigorous health on TV, as you certainly know, and in real life, as evidenced by this photo of Jim with his wife, Jane, and Lawrence Welk. Yet, only a few short years ago, Jim fell ill with Addison's Disease and nearly died. A disease of the adrenal glands, it is the same illness that President Kennedy is said to have had. Fortunately, with the use of cortisone it is now possible to correct the adrenal insufficiency caused by Addison's Disease. If it weren't, Jim now points out, he would not be alive today!

WELK STAR

Myron Floren:

● Myron Floren has one wife, two homes, five daughters and one live-in mother-in-law and he loves every single one of them.

"I met Berdyne in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, about 25 years ago," Myron recalls. "She came to take accordion lessons from me at a music school there. After she'd studied accordion with me for a couple of years, I discovered that I couldn't get along without her, so I made it permanent on August 19, 1945. Yes, we recently celebrated our twenty-second wedding anniversary," he's proud to tell you.

Illness That Threatens Jim Roberts

"Ever since I came so close to dying, I've tried to get the most I can out of life," the handsome television tenor says gratefully. "To live each day as well and as fully as I can—that's been my philosophy since I was sick.

"Today," Jim explains, "I live a fairly normal life as long as I take cortisone pills. I have no problems with my health now, except that once in a while I get overly tired."

For a man whose doctors had expected him to die, Jim leads a very active life as one of the singing stars of the Lawrence Welk show. In addition to their television shows, he is with the band for their weekend appearances at the Hollywood Palladium and their tours around the country. He most enjoys singing ballads—"something you can kind of sink your teeth into"—and semi-classical songs.

Jim is a native of Madisonville, Kentucky, but his family moved to Pontiac, Michigan, when he was still very young. There he sang with the high school glee club and took violin lessons. After serving with the U.S. Army, he made music his career and held many singing jobs around the Los Angeles area before becoming a Welk soloist twelve years ago. (Continued on page 74)

A Man Who Loves Girls! Girls! Girls!

And does Berdyne still play the accordion? "She hasn't touched it since we had our first date," Myron admits with a chuckle. Obviously Berdyne knows the dangers of having two careers in one family! And when your husband is a star accordionist with Lawrence Welk's orchestra that should be enough for any family.

"We live in Rolling Hills with our daughters," says blond 5'10" Myron. "We have three-and-a-half acres there, on the Palos Verdes peninsula. The girls have a horse. The house and pool are on one level, the barn is on the next. The kids are looking around for another horse because we have five daughters now." Randee, the oldest, is 18; Kristie, 16; Robin, 13; Holly, 10; and Heidi, 7.

When asked how he feels about being the only man in a houseful of women, Myron says with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "It's not too bad. I get a lot of attention! My mother-in-law lives there, too—and I've got a wonderful mother-in-law. I don't know what we'd do without her, in fact. She's kind of a built-in babysitter, cook and bottle-washer in our home.

"Our house, a white ranch-style, is big enough for all of us, fortunately. It has about 4,500 square feet of living (Continued on page 76)

As caught so candidly here (with Gene Evans, left, publicity man at Harrah's Lake Tahoe, where the Champagne Music Makers appear every summer), the mustachioed Aladdin and his beaming maestro shared many a jest together. But lately there's been a rueful sadness behind those smiles. Though the news came like a thunderbolt to TV fans, Welk had known for some time he would have to let Aladdin go.

"I just never thought he'd do it. I'm sorry to see him go," says Welk. "But we've had many wonderful years together, and I know Aladdin is doing what is right for him. I wish him all the best and I'm sure we'll always be the best of friends."

Welk and his many fans aren't just saying goodbye to *Aladdin*. Not even "Artistic Aladdin," as Welk used to call him fondly in the early days (see photo on facing page). To give him his full billing, he's Aladdin Abdullah Achmed Anthony Pallante, a man with as many talents and languages as he has names!

He's used them all in more than fifty years in show business—ever since he began his career at the age of 3, in his native New York City,

BY FLORA RAND

dancing and doing "imitations." On the Welk show, he has long been a favorite as violinist, singer, dialectician, comic and poet.

Why, then, does Aladdin feel he must leave such a happy show now?

"Even the best of things must come to an end eventually," he notes regretfully. "For some time now I've wanted to devote more time to acting. My wife and I have also wanted to travel. With no weekly commitments, I can accept more personal appearance dates and combine business with pleasure." Pleasure for all of us, it might be noted—and not only through his personal appear-

WHY LAWRENCE WELK HAD TO LET ALADDIN GO

WELK STAR

ances! He'll still be making movies. He's done more than a hundred of them, the latest being *Star*, with Julie Andrews, in which he plays a London orchestra leader.

He'll also be joining the old Welk gang on their TV show occasionally. He loves them still—though there are potent reasons why he must lead a more flexible life these days.

A while back, Aladdin had a heart attack which kept him off the show for more than a month. Thousands of get-well wishes and gifts poured in and he will never forget it. "I'm completely recovered now," he says gratefully. "But the illness made me realize how important it is to get as much out of living as you can. If there's something you've always wanted to do, don't procrastinate. There might not be a tomorrow. In a way, my illness gave me the chance to look at my life and reevaluate it. I'm a great believer in chance. That's how I met my wife!"

It seems the lady (her name is Lori) had a pal whose boyfriend injured his leg and couldn't take her for their usual dancing date at the Palladium—so Lori used the extra ticket. During the show, she suddenly became aware of an eloquent pair of dark eyes regarding her intently over a violin. *Smart-aleck*, thought Lori, tossing her head. But her girl friend whispered, "Oh, give him a smile! What can it hurt?"

Thus began a great romance, August 15, 1964—with Lawrence Welk unwittingly playing Cupid. Beckoning the smiling lass to the stage, he asked hopefully, "Can you dance or sing?" —a question which often produces unexpected talent from the audience. Lori said no. But, taking a deep breath as they chatted, she ventured to say, "I don't think your violinist, Aladdin, is very happy. He's been flirting with me all evening and a man doesn't (*Continued on page* 78)

WELK STAR

HOW BUDDY MERRILL REBUILT HIS SHATTERED LIFE

● Guitarist Buddy Merrill, shown here with colleague Neil Levang and Welk newcomer, country singer Lynn Anderson, will never forget the unhappy spring of 1963. One day, in a few short hours, an entire part of his life was wiped out. It was a spring of heavy rains in California. And, one dreadful day, flood waters rushed down from the Baldwin Hills Dam outside Los Angeles, and hundreds of homes were inundated and washed from their foundations. Death and wreckage were everywhere and the National Guard had to be brought in to protect the area against looters. Among the houses completely destroyed was the very first home of Buddy and Ruth Merrill.

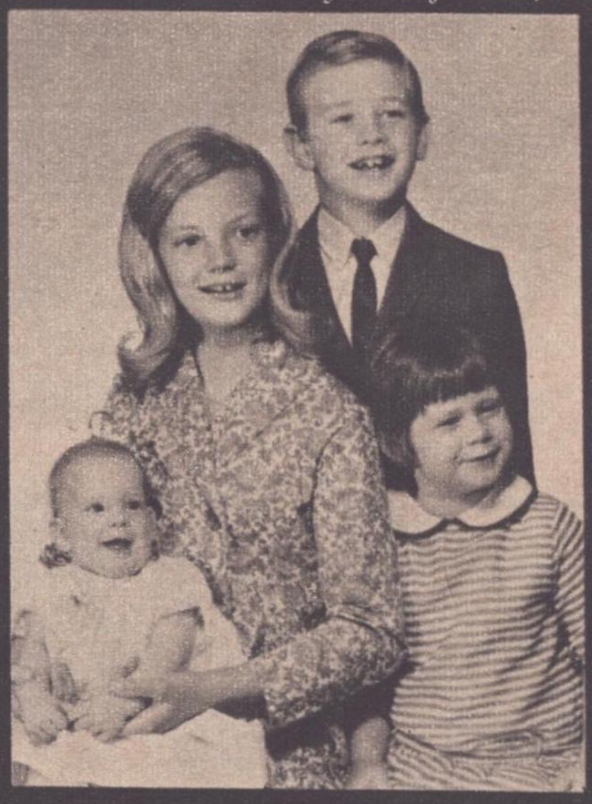
More than their home was lost. Gone, too, were many other dreams. They had given long and thoughtful care to the purchase of the place and just as carefully furnished it. They had spared no expense outfitting a paneled music room with elaborate recording equipment and hundreds of records that were collector's items. Articles of silver, china and gifts received from band members and friends when they wed, were broken or lost. Almost four years of marriage had, in the sense of (Continued on page 82)

WELK STAR

HOW NEIL LEVANG DREAMS OF BEATING HIS WIFE!

● "One of these days," hissed Neil Levang, gritting his teeth. "One of these days, pow! right to the moon!" He was looking daggers at his redheaded wife, Marian, as he said it. "I guess she skunked you again, eh, Dad?" spoke up 8-year-old Mark. Then, suddenly, they were all laughing—Neil, Marian, Mark, Coral Anne, 12, and Sonja Rae, 5. Even Erika Marie, just turned one, chortled from her playpen, though she didn't quite know what the gag was all (Continued on page 86)

Music and fishing trips delight Neil's youngsters: Coral Anne, 12; Mark, 8; Erika Marie, who recently marked 1st birthday; Sonja Rae, 5.



"I'll never push my kids into show business," says Jack, but he and Norma do have a talented, musical quintet in (L to R): Debbie, 11, Gregory, 13, Timmy, 9, Cindy, 7, and Terry, 5.

WELK STAR

JACK IMEL

The Music Man Who Won't Dance With His Wife

Jack Imel's pretty wife, Norma, has cause for complaint. Jack, the Welk band's specialist on the marimba and vibraphone, is, along with Bobby Burgess and Arthur Duncan, one of the best dancers in the organization. But, says Norma Imel, "My big grievance with Jack is that he simply won't take a busman's holiday. I love to dance, and Jack does, too—when he is performing. Otherwise dancing's a drag to him. He doesn't enjoy ballroom dancing and won't even take me out on the floor when we visit a dinner club. So we don't dance." It was a very different matter when Jack was wooing Norma. Then he was only too happy to hold the girl of his dreams closely and whirl her around the floor while other couples paused to admire their grace and skill. "That's how it was all through high school, but since we got married—nothing! I can't recall dancing with Jack more than five times in the past fifteen years," says Norma, underscoring every word for the benefit of her amused husband. Nevertheless, in spite of this note of protest, Norma, Jack and the brood of Imel children, are aglow with the joy of fulfillment. The whole family seems caught up in a warm tide of love. It shines out of their eyes and through their speech, but most eloquently in their tender manner toward one another. There are five Imel children: Gregory, 13; Debbie, 11; Timmy, 9; Cindy, 7; and Terry, 5. All of them, like their mother, have a lively fondness for dancing. Jack accepts this dance-fever of his family with an indulgent smile. "I know they like social dancing," he explains. "They come by it honestly through their mother. But while Norma enjoys every minute on the dance floor, I don't. I couldn't care less. I'm not against it. I do it as part of my way of earning a living. But when we go out to some affair and the band strikes up, someone usually comes to our table and asks Norma to dance. That's a relief to me. She never has trouble finding partners as she's very adept, smooth and follows beautifully, and I've never seen a man who wasn't pleased to dance with her. I'm glad of this. I want her to have fun. Jealousy is foreign to (*Continued on page* 80)

WELK STAR

Larry Hooper

HE FOUND HIS BRIDE AT ANOTHER GUY'S WEDDING!

WELK STAR

Bob Lido

HE GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR IN MARRIAGE!

● "I always wanted to marry a girl I met in church—and I did!" says Larry Hooper, in the deep bass voice that makes him one of the most unusual singers in Lawrence Welk's orchestra. The voice makes even strangers recognize him at once, although he may be wearing dark glasses and have a cap pulled down over his forehead.

"I met my wife, Beverly, at a wedding in 1949—somebody in the band got married," Larry explains. "We were married in 1952, the same year I recorded *Oh Happy Day*." That was the first recording to feature Larry's unique low voice, and it sold close to a million copies.

Larry has been a member of Lawrence Welk's orchestra since 1948. Even before that, he was an experienced band pianist, having played with the Frankie Masters and the George Olson bands.

Today Larry and Beverly live on a mountainside in La Crescenta, California, in a contemporary trilevel house. They have three daughters (see photo opposite page) : Lisa, who is 5, Melinda, 7, and Lori, 10.

Is he still hoping to have a son?

"No, I guess not," Larry admits. "We just sort of took what was handed to us. I'm very happy with the girls, although girls can fight just as much as boys, and make just as much noise!"

The Hoopers are a close-knit family group, and they love the outdoors. "Our home is surrounded with government property, and it's woodsy all around," notes Larry. "We swim and hike up there. And we have a great view. We're up in the San Gabriel Mountains. On one side we can see the ocean, Long Beach and Catalina Island. We can look the other way and see the San Fernando Valley. We get a beautiful view at night of the Los Angeles basin (*Continued on page* 82)

● Among the "Welkites" Bob Lido was affectionately known as "our number one date-filler-in." Let someone's cousin or spinster friend from out of town put in a call for an escort, the emergency message was instantly relayed to Bob, the happy bachelor, and he always, with never-failing good humor, took on the date and did his best to make the visiting female happy.

On October 6, 1965, Bob shook up his fellow musicians by marrying a petite, auburn-haired beauty, leaving the Welk organization to find some replacement as official escort. So far, according to reports, no adequate substitute for Bob has been found. About the girl who "took him away from all that," Bob says, "Nellie has eyes that go from blue to green depending on what she's wearing. She's a cute but striking five-foot-three and, fortunately for me, is not in show business. She did work in the dress-designing field, but now she's all mine, Mrs. Bob Lido, *period*—and that's how we both like it."

Though Bob knew Nellie for several years, he admits now that, as for marriage, he "never believed it would happen. I considered myself a confirmed bachelor." It was no secret to the Welkmen that Bob was dating Nellie, but this had been going on so long, they had begun to doubt anything would come of it. "The fellows used to tease me about my 'whirlwind' courtship," laughs Bob. "It certainly was a slow-moving affair, I must admit, but gradually I came to realize that Nellie was the right girl, and after that I couldn't see the future without her as part of it." Winning Nellie as a bride, Bob got more than he bargained for—namely, Nellie's two prize possessions: her cats. Willie, who tips the scale at about the weight of a cocker spaniel, is (*Continued on page* 83)

CAROL BURNETT

(*Continued from page* 30)

to pop out! I worshipped Carol. She was ten years older and she was the only one who could do anything with me. Mama and Grandmother didn't have much influence. Mama was a little tough sometimes, but she was sick with tuberculosis and drank and couldn't keep up with me. Dad died in a TB sanitarium when I was 6.

Carol went to New York when she was 20 or 21, when her anonymous benefactor gave her all that money. So I took advantage of the situation. I liked the running around, the freedom, and nobody saying "No." I got away with murder. I was going out with boys when I was 10, but I looked 13 or 14. There were some rough kids, but my crowd wasn't really bad. They were a lot nicer than some of the so-called clean cut boys.

But poor "Sissy" (Carol). When she came back from New York that Christmas and found me running around so much, it just scared her to death. (It would scare me now, when I think of my daughter Jennifer.) Sissy was always "straight-arrow." She even describes herself as "a square." I think we both have a deep sense of responsibility. Maybe *because* of the environment. You know it makes some people bad, and others overcome it and it makes them better. Sissy was most certainly stronger than I.

I think Mama had a lot to do with our good qualities. Sissy and she were never very close, because Mama drank a lot and it was hard for Sissy to understand. I was closer to Mama. She realized she'd made mistakes with Carol and she tried to make up for it with me. My grandmother raised Carol. But no matter how sick Mama was—or how loaded—she had a great mind and a fabulous sense of humor. She could laugh on her deathbed. People would call her up, friends much better off than she, and say, "Talk to me—I need you." She'd sit by the phone for hours trying to make them feel better. That part of her came through.

She was honest. I remember the one time I stole. Another 9-year-old girl and I descended on a leather shop and stole everything we could get in our pockets—and we had big pockets. When I got home, Mama caught me. I started crying and told her the truth. She did not believe in sparing the rod. After the rod, she marched me back to the store and stood outside while I went in. The man accepted my loot, and Mama marched me back home. That cured me. I never touched a thing again. Mama had good instincts about a lot of things.

When Sissy came that Christmas in 1957, I'd always known I was going back to New York with her "for a vacation." What I didn't know was that Mama and Sissy had a long, long talk and really got to know each other. They agreed that I should stay in New York, but to me it was just a holiday. Mama had been sick for such a long time, I honestly didn't notice how much worse she was. But Mama knew her time was near. Our goodbyes should have warned me. Mama cried, and Sissy was strange and sad, but I was 12 and excited about the trip.

In New York on New Year's Eve day, Sissy and I were walking back to the apartment from the grocers' carrying huge bags. I said, "Sissy, I do have to go back to school, you know. Isn't it about time we talked about my going back?"

Sissy said, "I have something to tell you." I knew right then what was coming. The tears started falling. I didn't want to face it. I raised cain. I made terrible scenes. Sissy promised me braces for my teeth and the whole bit. I thought that was jolly, but I still wanted to go *home*. Even though we didn't have much and I'd have more in New York, I still loved my mother and I missed her and I wanted to go back.

I was horrible to Sissy and she was very good and very kind. I remember saying something terrible to her, and my brother-in-law [Carol's first husband] came across the room and slapped my face. I'd never been hit like that, but I knew I deserved it.

"The only thing she had"

I called Mama, crying and pleading to come home. But she was firm. She said, "Honey, you just have to stay there. Sissy can do a lot more for you than I can." It just tore her up to do that. She had nothing else. I was the only thing she had—and she gave me up. It was the greatest gift any human being can give.

Finally, Sissy gave me an ultimatum —the only one that could have made me stay. She said, "All right, Chrissie. If you get back on the plane and go home, you'll never see me again." Well, that did it. I thought, *Dear God, I can't give Sissy up.*

One night, shortly after I had more or less resigned myself, I was asleep on the couch in the livingroom. I was sound asleep, but about 3:30 A.M., I sat straight up in bed and something said to me, *Your mom is going to die.* I got up and went to the little desk in the livingroom, turned on the light and wrote her a letter. I said: "Mama, I love you no matter what I've said or done to you, please don't let it hurt you." I just wrote everything I wanted to say to her and probably never had.

She got the letter shortly before she died. She showed it to the milkman, the neighbors, everyone who'd look at it. She even slept with it. I think they found it under her pillow when she died.

I am so grateful I had the chance to tell her. A lot of times you don't get the chance. Sissy and I both had our chance. Mama was a good person. She couldn't afford medical attention . . . all that expensive dope they give you for the pain. When she had pain, she drank. She was good, but weak, and she loved us.

She died January 10th.

Sissy was young, newly married and an unknown actress. She borrowed the money to send me to school. It was all hard on her, but she went right on loving me with patience and understanding. She sent me to an Episcopalian high school and, boy, were they ever strict! I've never seen such discipline!

They were tender at first, they knew Mama had just died, so they were a little lenient, but not too much. They knew they had to keep me busy and keep my mind off of it. It was a little too strict, but I took to the religion right away.

We saw boys only four times a year, which was a real switch for me. Once a month we were allowed to spend a weekend at home. I really learned *appreciation.* That little apartment was pure luxury. Going to the bathroom when I wanted to, watching television, staying up late, and eating real meals.

Sissy was very maternal. She was always after me to clean my room, fully convinced I had bodies buried under my clothes. She threatened to have the Sanitation Department take me away. The three of us really had a lot of fun. We were full of beans and always putting each other on. We'd dress up like monsters, go out on the fire escape, and wave to the people on Eighth Avenue.

Some of our poorest days in New York were the most fun.

The welfare people sent a worker to check on me. I was asked if I was happy and I answered, "Yep." That's when it dawned on me I really *was* happy.

After four-and-a-half years, I graduated. Sissy sent me to Moravian College, and I must say, for a girl, it's the only place to go. It was coed. Right across the river was Lehigh, an all-men university, and twenty minutes away was Lafayette College—all men. I was only there two years. My grades weren't good. I was just living it up.

Then I decided to go to a New York secretarial school. I started, but then I met Hutch [Will Hutchins, star of TV's *Sugarfoot* and, more recently, *Hey, Landlord!*]. He was playing in *Never Too Late* on Broadway, so our dates would start at 11:30 *P.M.* and end like 4:30 *A.M.* Sissy used to call me "Stella-by-starlight." She never saw me in the daylight!

Our little courtship and marriage ruined my secretarial career, which I wasn't too hip on, anyway. Today Sissy and I live just five minutes apart in Los Angeles. My 2-year-old Jennifer and I were visiting recently with Sissy and her own little Carrie and Jodie Ann. It's a big beautiful home, and the Christmas season was in the air.

Sissy looked at Carrie. "You know, Chrissie," she said thoughtfully. "She will never know what we went through. She's lucky in a way, but in a way it's kind of sad. There are so many things she won't really appreciate."

It's true that Sissy and I just sit sometimes, unable to believe our good fortune, and we're grateful. Particularly at Christmas.

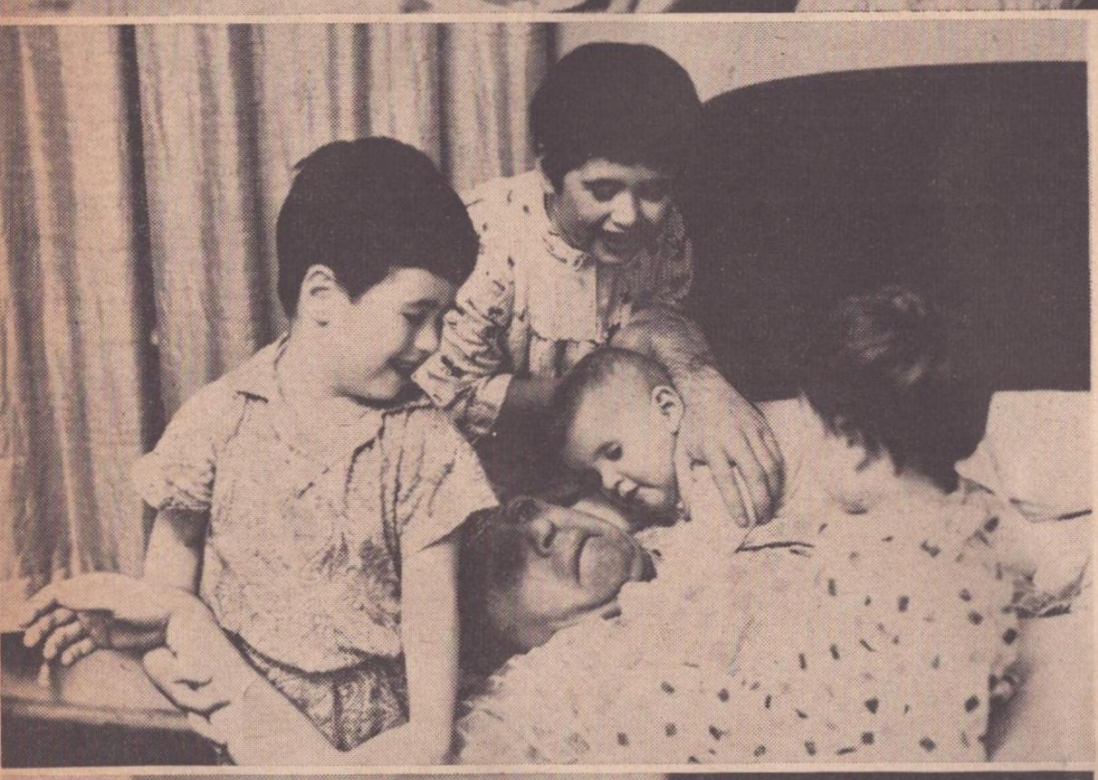
For me, there will never be a gift as precious as the one Mama gave *me* ten years ago.

—AS TOLD TO DEE PHILLIPS

Nicer Than Santa Claus

What would be a better way to spend Christmas than to be with the family, to decorate the tree and to hang mistletoe in the hallway? Well, that's exactly how Lima, Ohio's Barry Lillis, the host of *The Barry Patch* seen over WIMA- (*Continued*)

Michele, Todd, Barry Jr., and Dad look extremely surprised when they see what Santa Claus has left under their tree for them in their Lima home.



Mom and Dad won't be sleeping late today. "It's Christmas," says Hope, 6 mos., Michele, 7, Barry Jr., 2, and Todd, 5!

TV every Saturday at 8:30 A.M., spends his Christmas. Barry says the happiest time of the year is when he and his wife, Joyce, creep downstairs after the kids are asleep and fill their stockings with candy, and under the lighted Christmas tree place Michele's doll, Todd's bicycle, Barry Jr.'s fire truck and Hope's new playpen.

After the excitement of gift-opening, it's back to the studio for Barry as he prepares for his next show. As he describes it, "The show is composed of one cartoon, one home-brewed film, chaos, and comedy 'takeoffs' on old familiar favorites. The film contains a script with a plot that totals from four to five minutes. The camera speed is adjusted for the 1920 vintage 'jerkiness' and we use a rinky tink piano, narration and sound effects. The movie shows me as a shoe salesman, a camper or as an ice cream man. We advise our viewers where we are shooting so they can watch the procedure and also possibly be in it. To many, it fulfills a long time desire to appear in a genuine motion picture!" Barry's children star in the productions along with an unusual cast of characters. As you can see from the photos!

Barry was born in the town of Niagara Falls, New York, on June 23, 1936, and went to Bishop Duffy High School and the University of Buffalo. He has always been interested in show business and was writing shows for an amateur group, while attending the university at night. Driving home from his bookkeeping job one evening, he decided, then and there, to audition for a radio station. "After several tries," Barry says, "I found someone who would hire me. It was a four-hour shift, once a week, for a total of $5.00 a week—and I had to drive 200 miles every weekend. But I was determined to make it!"

He now has his own motion picture company, "The Hysterical Society," which has aroused interest at the networks.

The Lillis family lives in Lima and Barry says, "Many times the neighborhood kids will come over to the house and want me to climb trees with them and play Huckleberry Finn! They make me feel all important. It gives me quite a thrill to have the kids flock around me and have a little girl run up and give me a kiss on the cheek!"

Santa's a winter favorite but Barry Lillis' appeal makes him a man for all seasons.

When you tune in The Barry Patch, *on Saturday mornings, you will find the familiar faces of Miss Hogg, Lula Belle, Lady Rascal, Joe Knuckles Truck and the Lillis brood.*

Maternity fashion tips for petites, from comedienne Joan Rivers, who expects her first baby next month!

HOW TO BE A MINI-MOTHER

■ Wonderfully witty (and pretty) Joan Rivers is well-known to TV viewers for the hilarious account of her anything-but-everyday life ("Funny things just happen to me"). Now her beguiled audiences can look forward to a whole new crop of pixilated experiences with the arrival of Joan's first baby, due soon. While boning up on the care and feeding of the new source of material, Joan zips around town looking positively radiant in a wardrobe of Toni Lynn Maternity fashions. (1) Sleeveless A-line in bonded orlon knit flashes contrasting color from deep inverted side pleats. Here, clear lime with a golden orange flash, picked up by Richelieu's golden earrings, newly squared pumps by A. S. Beck. (2) Silver metallic lace over crepe in a cage-y evening shift for little evenings, after-theatre parties. (3) Over a slim, back-slit skirt, a tunic of sequins and soutache braid lavishly embroidered on a taffeta base. Added glitter: loops of gold for wrists and ears by Richelieu. (4) Joan especially loved (and looked lovely in) Toni Lynn's ball gown and matching floor-length coat of rayon and acetate with a smooth worsted look. The boat-neck gown is sleeveless, sashed with satin at the high Empire bodice; the coat, buttoned in rhinestones, sweeps straight from the shoulder. All madly becoming in misty green, accented by a rose sash. Gloves by Aris, evening bag by A. S. Beck.

—JUNE CLARK

JIM ROBERTS

(*Continued from page* 59)

Jim met his wife right across the street from the Palladium—in the nightclub which is now the Hullabaloo and was then Earl Carroll's Theatre. It happened back in 1948, when Jim had his first show business job as a singer with the show at Earl Carroll's, where the slogan was "Through these doors pass the most beautiful girls in the world." Jim's future wife, Jane Siek, was one of those girls—the Earl Carroll showgirls—and he agreed so thoroughly with Carroll's appraisal that they were married.

"When Mr. Carroll was killed in a plane crash, it wasn't long before his theater closed," Jim recalls. "So I went out and did odd jobs until I was booked into the Greek Theatre and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. I worked in their choruses."

Among those odd jobs Jim had to take before again getting steady work as a singer were, he admits, a number that "I didn't like: gas station attendant, washing dishes and windows!"

He is proud of his twelve-year-long association with Lawrence Welk's band and says, "I've seen it grow since the time we were on a local television station here in Los Angeles. Lawrence has continually added to the band and improved it. It just seems to be getting bigger and better every year. He seems to have the knack of choosing the right people: I think that's part of his secret." (Welk hired Jim on the spot when he appeared at a rehearsal asking for an audition.)

Jim and his wife have two sons: Steve, age 12, and Gary, age 9. "I believe they'll go into music eventually," he admits, "though I haven't pushed the idea too much. They have their o[wn] record collections and they love mu[sic]

"The boys and I play baseball together in Griffith Park as often as I have time," Jim adds. "It's a good, healthy sport and it holds their interest. When the band goes up to Lake Tahoe for its annual engagement in the summer, we vacation there. I go hiking with the kids and the whole family takes boat rides, and I play a lot of golf at Tahoe.

"Unfortunately, I don't get a chance to play golf much during the rest of the year," Jim admits. "I shoot between 80 and 100. When I play a lot my score improves—and when I don't, it goes up, of course!"

Jim also enjoys listening to music as well as making it. "I like good music of any kind, from classical to country and Western," he says. "I don't care much for rock 'n' roll, though."

Also among his enthusiasms is "good, old-fashioned country cooking: plain foods like pot roast, mashed potatoes with gravy, and green beans. And my wife makes them very well."

Definitely not among Jim's enthusiasms is gardening or yard work. "So we live in an apartment in the Los Feliz Hills, not too far from the studio," Jim says with a grin. "It's a two-bedroom apartment furnished in no particular style—just kind of a hodgepodge! We like it that way."

During the past year Jim has been doing many church concerts with Norma Zimmer. A devout Methodist, he credits his faith for helping pull him through his near-fatal illness, and giving him the courage to live under its shadow. He would like to give back to the church a little of what he feels he has gained from it. —GREG JAMES

LEONARD NIMOY

(*Continued from page* 42)

too! I wrote him, asking if I could start a fan club for him. A few weeks later, he replied that he would be delighted if I started one in Garland. He had misunderstood!

"I wrote him again that I didn't mean a *local* club," Peggye Vickers smiles, "but a *national* one.

"It was founded on February 11, 1967. Today we have 1,197 members and we're still growing," she points out proudly.

It's obvious that Peggye is impressed with her favorite actor. How has Leonard reacted to *her*?

"I remember that first letter," he recalls. "I'm used to getting fan mail written in every way, shape or form—even on tissue paper. Peggye's letter immediately struck my interest.

"When I received the second letter, I was *really* impressed. Peggye outlined point-by-point her plans for a national club. They were excellent and I gave her the go-ahead. It's really amazing how sharp she is! For several months, she practically worked day and night in writing, editing, typing and mimeographing a complete biographical journal of my career.

"Because of this, I wanted to do something for her," Lenny smiles—explaining how this "other woman" became almost a part of his family life. "Sandy and I talked it over. *What better reward*, we thought, *than a trip to Hollywood?* By that time, we both knew that Peggye had been out of the state of Texas only once in her life."

Lenny personally took charge of making all the necessary arrangements. Initially, Peggye was to stay in a swank hotel, but when Nimoy talked to her by phone, the very day of her departure, she seemed frightened.

"Peggye was too shy to tell me," he says, "but I could sense she had reservations about staying alone. Actually, it was my secretary, Teresa Victor, who came up with the solution. She lives alone in an apartment and suggested that Peggye stay with her.

"Sandy and I would have liked for her to stay at our place," Lenny adds with a note of regret, "but there was no room."

What the Nimoys never knew until later was that Peggye nearly missed the plane! *On purpose.*

"When the shock of the invitation wore off a little," the shapely Texan admits, "I began to really worry. I suffer from vertigo. I had flown only one other time—to New Orleans—and I swore I would never fly again.

"What could I do now? I admit I didn't want to seem a coward, but I was sure tempted to call Mr. Nimoy and cancel the entire trip! My mother practically had to push me on the plane. Once I got seated, though, I was okay and I had a *wonderful* flight."

Leonard and Sandy met the 9:15 P.M. American Airlines flight. Nimoy had told Peggye someone would meet her plane, of course—but she didn't dream it would be Leonard *himself* standing right beside the exit ramp.

"At first," says Lenny, "she was so shy that she couldn't look me straight in the face. She turned her head to one side when she talked. It was Sandy who helped break the awkwardness of the moment. She cracked, 'Let's see a big Texas smile.' Peggye not only smiled, but laughed."

That night (actually, it was 3 A.M.) Peggye was still wide awake and full of enthusiasm as Terry Victor asked her what she would most like to do.

"Just watch Mr. Nimoy work," Peggye's bright eyes beamed. "Oh, yes, I've read so much about the Daisy Club and The Factory. If I could just *see* the places from the outside. Before I leave, too, I want to walk around Beverly Hills to window-shop."

Next morning there was a new "member" of the *Star Trek* company. Peggye was awestruck as she entered the giant soundstage at Desilu Studios where the series is filmed. Leonard got a kick out of introducing her to the other stars.

Peggye can grin wider than the Rio Grande, and she blushes, too. She did both often, that day, as Nimoy made sure she met everyone. "When Leonard was in a scene," she says, "I sat on the sidelines watching. I got to talk to everyone. Nichelle Nichols was especially nice—she showed me some new photographs that had been taken of her—and I was really impressed with the authenticity of the set. The space ship looked so *real.*

"The biggest thrill of the day for me was lunch. I just had a tuna sandwich and a Coke, but I stood in line with Leonard and the other cast members at the lunch truck parked outside the stage. This really made me feel like one of them."

Leonard's secretary had told her boss, of course, about Peggye's interest in Hollywood nightlife. The Nimoys, as all Hollywood knows, are not "night people." However, for Peggye, they made an exception. Two nights later, the Nimoys, Peggye and Teresa were at the Daisy Club and then on to The Factory, where the eyeballs of Leonard's special guest practically popped out of their sockets.

Sitting at the next table was Rock Hudson, and at another one, Jack

Jones with Jill St. John, the lovely actress he was about to marry. Everywhere Peggye looked there was a celebrity.

Peggye actually fitted right in the groove of the action. That afternoon, Sandy had taken her on a promised window shopping venture in Beverly Hills—and Peggye did a little more than just *look*. In one of the department stores, she purchased a Kelly green miniskirt! She said, "When I learned the Nimoys were taking me out the next night, I decided I had to have one. I wouldn't *dare* wear it in Garland, however!"

Playing it cool

On her night out with the Nimoys, Peggye's heart was doing flip flops. Outwardly, she appeared as cool as any of the real "night people."

"I was dying to ask for autographs," she blushed. "But I didn't want to embarrass the Nimoys. Instead, I took a cocktail napkin from the Daisy and wrote down all the stars I saw. I plan to have the napkin *framed*."

Peggye even got the opportunity to sample Sandy's cooking. On Friday night, she dined with the Nimoys. Sandy prepared barbecued steak, baked potatoes and tossed green salad. Afterwards, they watched television and the timing certainly was right! *Star Trek* came on just moments after they had adjourned to the den.

Earlier that afternoon Leonard had taken Peggye to a sitdown lunch in the busy commissary at Desilu. She could hardly eat a bit of her shrimp salad, though. Leonard's pals kept coming over to their table and inquiring about "the other woman"!

"Are you an actress?" asked Dack Rambo, youthful star of the new series, *The Guns Of Will Sonnett.*

Certainly Peggye's attractive enough to be "discovered" in Hollywood. She's lively and witty, too. What would her own reaction be to such a proposal from a producer?

"I would stop breathing again for four hours," she giggles. "*Then* I would refuse. I know I can't act. Why try something if you know you can't do it? Leave it to the experts! Besides, I know that my place isn't in Hollywood. I've had a wonderful time here, and I'll never forget all that's happened to me and all the wonderful things I've seen. But I belong at home in Garland with my daughter.

"I guess, after a little while, all of this will just seem like some kind of wonderful dream. . . ."

When the Nimoys drove her to the airport early on Sunday morning for the return flight to Texas, she had spent five glorious days not merely *in* Hollywood but as part *of* it—thanks to Leonard and Sandy.

"Peggye is a wonderful person," Leonard told me later. "An honest one, too. She admitted that five days in Hollywood was enough for her. She got homesick for Garland, especially her little girl. I'm certainly fortunate to have Peggye as a fan and—what's more important!—a good *friend*." ●

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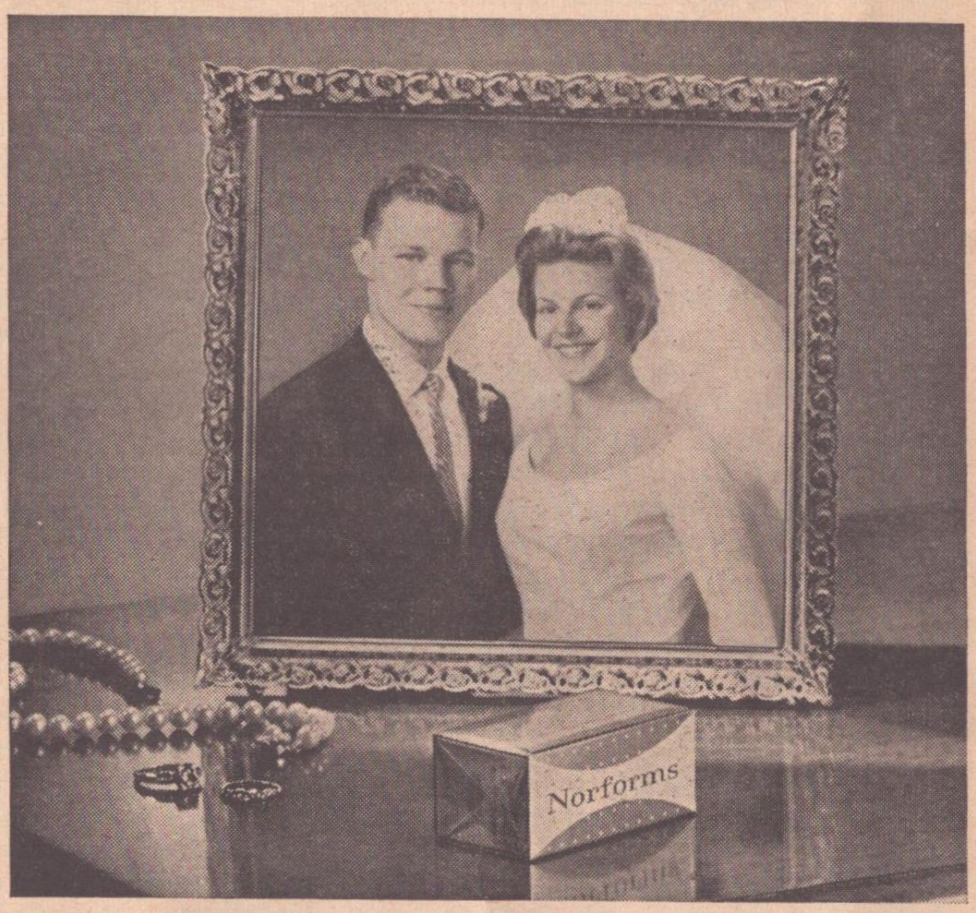

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MYRON FLOREN

(*Continued from page* 59)

area, including four bedrooms and a playroom that's built around an old-time pool table. The kids have a lot of fun playing pool. And the nice thing about it is that when they meet someone they like, they can bring the friends home where there are plenty of things to do, what with the swimming and horseback riding and the pool table and our player piano. And there's a beautiful view—in fact, three! Our playroom overlooks the whole city of Los Angeles, and from our pool area we can see Long Beach harbor on one side and Santa Monica harbor on the other.

"Although I travel a lot making personal appearances, both with and without the band (approximately 100- to 150-thousand miles a year), we're still a very close-knit family. The kids have their moments when they're asserting themselves a little bit, but we never have any real problems. I think having as many girls as we have, with the age spread, works out better—because we don't have any prima donnas in the family.

"Randee, the oldest, is starting to date—in fact, she's had kind of a steady boy friend over the past year or so. But they're sensible and go to places like my wife and I used to when we were courting back in South Dakota, and they don't go to any wild parties. We know where they are all the time. That's a very important thing in big population centers like Los Angeles, especially.

"Two of the girls are interested in music," Myron reveals. "Kristie and Robin are studying piano. They play duets every once in a while. As for myself, I have a lot of interests besides music—especially gardening. I was born (Nov. 5, 1920) and raised on a farm in Webster, South Dakota, and we used to make our money by gardening, because the crops were so bad that we'd take onions to town and trade them for groceries and other necessities. Today, though, most of my gardening consists of pulling weeds from around the plants and trees. We have about eight or nine varieties of fruit trees, including one or two of each kind. Since our property slopes off in three directions, we planted ice plant on the slopes. Then we have dichondra on the lawn.

"I also enjoy working for our church—we attend the Chapel of Peace in Inglewood, a Lutheran church. For many years I worked with the choir there, and I still do whenever I can. We're planning a big Easter Sunrise Service at a nearby park, combining with some other local choirs.

"I really like working with the church, because I feel that religion is the foundation of American life. I know that it's been very wholesome and good for our own family, and I think more people should be interested in it," Myron says.

"But our family doesn't limit itself to activities around our home and church. We also enjoy going to shows together, especially ice shows, Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. But we like best to go to our cabin up at Wrightwood, on the Angeles Crest Highway.

"Actually it's more than a cabin—it's a three-story house where we can sleep fifteen people without getting in each other's way. It has electricity for heat, and if that goes off we have a stand-by gas furnace. We've had a lot of fun up there. It's 6,300 feet high, and only three miles from Holiday Hill, a very popular skiing hill. Last year we had six feet of snow around the cabin, and the kids got a big kick out of using their sleds. Yet the cabin is only two hours from our house, which just shows you that here in California you can find any kind of climate you want!"

Myron recently marked his 17th anniversary with Lawrence Welk's orchestra and for the past ten years has been Welk's assistant conductor. Welk discovered him in St. Louis, Missouri, where Myron was playing with a group called The Buckeye Four and teaching at the Ludwig College of Music. "I joined the band in June, 1950, and it's been a very happy life for me," he says. Happy, too, are all the Welk fans who've enjoyed his music ever since! And though two accordion players in one family might be a bit much, having two in one band works out fine—as master accordionists Welk and Floren heartily agree! —JAMES GREGORY

DEAN MARTIN

(*Continued from page* 53)

and the government won't have to worry. It will get about 96% of all that, plus another 96% of that money he gets from his four movies a year, plus the same cut of his salary from six weeks yearly at The Sands in Las Vegas, plus all but the wax off his record albums.

But no matter how you examine it, it is enough to turn any fellow's head. Particularly one who in 1955, when both his act with Jerry Lewis and his first marriage broke up, was considered all through. I kid you not: This fellow who was born Dino Crocetti a fast fifty years ago has not lost his sense of proportion at all—even his sense of beautiful girls' proportions. Some few, rare people are *improved* by success. Dino is one of them.

You can say for true of him that he never loses his cool. But, more importantly, he never loses his warmth either. That's how come, ten minutes to show time, he was answering this writer's questions. He needs more publicity like he needs another arm, but doing an act of kindness comes easy to him, too.

"Oh, I let the producers produce, the directors direct, the writers write," he said, explaining his relaxation that day. "Then all I have to do is go on and make a fool of myself." He held up his hand like a traffic cop. "There's the sound," he said. The announcer was proclaiming "THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW."

He stood up and moved out toward the stage with the easy grace of a born athlete. "Be right back," he said.

He stood backstage there, completely relaxed. A bit of film he had made a few days earlier was unreeling before the audience. It showed the entrance he had used on the show all this past year, his gooney sliding down a fireman's pole into a living room.

Only this time he went a little further—straight through the floor. The splinters flew in nine directions before he poked his tousled head up through the shattered boards and in a burlesque of sugary masters of ceremonies cooed, "It's great to be back with all of you."

Now the audience laughter was the cue for the stage lights to blaze. The curtains went up to stay up for the rest of the hour and there, to really kick off the live portion of the show, was Dino at one side of the stage and Juliet Prowse dancing toward him from the other. Dino moved in. On his face was what the backstage gang call his "King Leer" expression. "Juliet, your skin fits you so good," he purred. They whirled into a dance that was at once sexy and comic.

It all looked so casual, so completely natural. But this you should know: Mr. Martin's work is no more casual than his salary. But his charm is that he is unaffected. He never refers to his stardom, or his success. He calls his career "my thing."

Yet he has such mastery over every phase of it that he can fool even the greatest pros by his seeming laziness.

Today, on his own show, his crew knows that his acting instinct is sharp as a blade and that nobody is going to catch him studying, which he obviously does. It suits his sense of showmanship to give the impression that he's not too smart. Only he is.

His implying he's drunk is in the same category. Sure he drinks—on the average, three highballs a day. What you see him drinking on the show, however, is coffee or Coke. He declares with mock solemnity, "I don't drink any more . . . but I don't drink any less." This is good for another laugh. It also happens to be true. But for a man who works as hard as he does, it's a small amount of stimulation and he cares too much for his own appearance to overindulge in any way. Take his eating. He's keen on food, particularly all Italian dishes, but he groans and says, "I've been hungry for the last fifteen years." Nothing bores him more than a steak, but that is what he sticks to for the sake of his waistline.

The irony is that there are two cooks constantly on tap at the Martin household. That's because of his kids, and his kids are the one subject about

which he can't stop himself from boasting. Who can blame him? Seven kids, and all turning out super.

In the very few minutes he had free from that show's taping, he kept sauntering back to where I sat, and his family was always on his mind.

For instance, he said, "Did you hear about how my kids date? Craig is married, of course, and has two of his own. But the rest of our bunch, they don't go *out* on dates. They *come in*—bring their conquests with them. My three big girls, Claudia, Gail, Deana, seem to attract the starving guys. If we didn't keep that short-order cook, I don't know what would happen to their sex appeal. Hamburgers, malts, sodas, milk, they all disappear like money on income tax day.

"Then there's Dino, who usually brings in Desi and Billy, who make up that combo they have, and they never seem to get filled up or out. Their dates are always starving, too. Our youngest, Ricci, who's 13 now, and Gina, who's 10, still seem to be a shade young for Flirtation Walk but not for eating. If what they eat goes to height, they'll all be ten feet tall.

"Now I've left all the disciplining to Jeannie, who has done a miraculous job. She's not only their mother but their confidant, their pal. Claudia's our highbrow. She wants to be a serious actress, which is okay by me. Our family could do with a little rub-up of classy dignity. Gail is singing, of course. I had her on my show this summer at The Sands and she did very much all right by herself on *Malibu U.* Deana's recording, too, and very smooth. When it comes to young Dino, who is, of course, Junior, I don't know whether he keeps Desi, who is also 'Junior' (Desi Arnaz Jr.), in line or the other way around. Anyhow, they are not only in line but in the groove.

"Craig is doing such a sharp job of production co-ordination around here that all NBC is after him for other shows. Keen, huh? What will happen to those subteens of ours, Ricci and Gina. I won't forecast. It could be they'll just laze around for another year or so.

"But there is one point—and one only—where I play Stern Old Dad. I insist that we all dine together every night. Jeannie's mother lives with us now. Craig brings his wife over, and lots of times the two youngsters. So we seldom sit down with less than fifteen and it is not exceptional for it to be as many as thirty.

"Our food bills are enough to land a man on the moon and the noise is frantic. Before and after dinner, our nine TV sets all seem to be turned to all different stations. The jukebox blasts. The hi-fi pounds. We would scarcely be permitted to live in Beverly Hills if we didn't have a projection room, so we do, and we have a stage, of course, and a swimming pool, of course, and theatres the world around would be happy to pack the customers in the way we do all the time."

He paused, as he got the cue to return to the stage. Departing, he said, "If I never had to go out of my house again, I'd like it."

I didn't get the chance, right then, to ask him how he'd get a golf course in his house—for after his family, comes golf as Dino's ruling passion. What isn't generally known about him is that, except when he's playing The Sands in Las Vegas, he's up and out on a golf course by six every morning. This means that he goes to bed by eleven every night. In Vegas, because of his last show, he can't hit the sack until one-thirty or the golf course till ten—but play golf every single day he surely does.

He has a bunch of cronies he plays with, in both locations, and none of them are in show business.

The very fact that golf and his family give him all the social life he desires has sometimes been hard on Jeannie. She and Dean have been in love since the first day they met, yet they have occasionally had small frictions that have caused Dean to walk out, as he actually did once, last year.

For this refusal to stay and fight is also characteristic of him. His first marriage was a wretchedly unhappy experience for him. When he got his freedom and the custody of his (then) four children, he laid out his principle by which he meant to live. He told his "little Jeannie," as he always calls her, "There's going to be happiness in this house"—and almost always there has been. Jeanne has been a superlative mother, has borne him three children and raised all seven with love and wisdom. But she is much younger than Dean and, like most happy wives, she does want to show off her loving, handsome, charming, very successful husband to the world.

Dean hates "social life" in the meaning of going to little dinners in other people's houses, and "having them back" and all of that. He does take part in the SHARE party every year, because he knows Jeanne enjoys being part of its chorus line with the other "wives" of Hollywood. But just about there he stops. Even Jeannie cannot high-pressure him into anything he doesn't want to do. Try force on him and he just cuts out.

"Martin & Lewis" again?

It was Jerry Lewis, back in 1954, trying to high-pressure him into a small role that broke up their act. Dean cut out on that, too. Nobody except him thought he had a future alone. His big turning point, after a couple of movie flops, was his going into *The Young Lions*, as a straight actor. "When I got that role," he now says, "I went home and told Jeannie and we both had a good cry."

That's Dino, then and now. Sitting backstage that hot afternoon as he wound up the show, I asked him about the latest rumors about Jerry Lewis and himself.

I said, "The talk is now that you may go on Jerry's show, or he on yours. Will you?"

"Nope," he said. He grinned. "Why should either of us be such bad business men? If—and that's the *biggest* 'if' you ever heard—if we ever did such a thing, we'd make a special of it, make some money." He was clowning but on the square.

So I thought right then it was discreet to change the subject. "You and Frank," I said. "It keeps right on being good?" (Like everybody else in Hollywood I knew Dean's record sales have long since passed Francis's.)

"He's the king," said Dino.

"Were you at his first wedding anniversary party?"

"Where else, doll?"

"What did he give Mia?"

He gave me the "King Leer" look. "Another year," he said.

I knew I couldn't top that—so I got up to go home. Dean said, "Look, write anything you want about me but don't you forget to say that Jeannie's the greatest girl in the world, will you?"

So here it is for you, Dino: Jeannie is the greatest in the world, and you are not so bad yourself. ●

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ALADDIN

(*Continued from page* 61)

do that unless he's lonely—or an incurable wolf!"

"So that's where that horrible playing is coming from," Welk laughed, adding: "You there, Aladdin! Come down here and meet this lovely lady."

Lori and her violinist seldom spoke of marriage during their courtship. Then, as Lori recalls, "Aladdin—don't call him Al, he hates it!—went with the band to play Harrah's at Tahoe. I thought he might invite me up, but he said nothing. On his return to Los Angeles, however, he called up to say he wanted to talk with me. I told my mother, 'If he doesn't propose tonight, I won't see him again! I love him too much to just go on dating.'"

When Aladdin arrived at Lori's apartment, the first thing he said was "Honey, will you ma-a-a-" and Lori chirped gleefully, "I will—I will!" Whereupon Aladdin countered with "I'm sorry. I changed my mind. You took too long to answer."

They were married by Archbishop Robert Raleigh at St. James Chapel in Thousand Oaks (a Los Angeles suburb), with Bob Lido and his wife Nellie as best man and matron of honor. Their honeymoon was spent in Hawaii, and everywhere they went, they were greeted by the traditional "Hawaiian Wedding Song."

On their return they settled down in a pleasant San Fernando Valley home, in the town of Van Nuys, and furnished most of the place in Chinese style, including the lanai and backyard. They have taken up a hobby together: ceramics. Aladdin also does lapidary work, mainly with gems found on explorations of the desert.

Ohio-born Lori, a bookkeeper by occupation, wasn't familiar with gardening or the domestic arts. But she is learning! Aladdin teases her about her shortcomings in these fields: "Every time I pick up a spade, Lori gets a blister. Is that sympathetic pains or not?"

By dint of practice and study, she's grown into an accomplished Italian cook, and Aladdin—who considers himself a connoisseur of all foods—views her dishes with awe and astonishment. "We visited my family in Reno last summer and my aunt gave Lori her best recipes for Italian food," he laughs, "so she's become quite an expert."

Aladdin is a stickler for small courtesies. Says Lori, "If every man was like mine, there would never be a divorce. He lights my cigarettes, opens and closes doors for me, always asks what I'd prefer and puts my wishes above his desires.

A most considerate man

"One time I asked him to pick up a small item at a department store on his way home from rehearsal. He couldn't get it at the store I mentioned so he went to three others. When none of them had it in stock, he bought me a pair of earrings—because 'I didn't want you to be disappointed when I came home empty-handed.'"

On her part, Lori is always on the hunt for unusual cuff-links for Aladdin. He collects them and now has over 800 pairs, which he treasures along with his collection of old knives, swords and sheriff's badges. In the course of doing many benefits, Aladdin has been presented with all sorts of scrolls. Lori has framed them and hung them in their den.

As Aladdin "retires" to a still-active life—sweetened with his $30,000 share from the Welk pension fund—he can reflect on the chances of fate which have once more brought happiness from heartbreak. His first wife, Louise Felice, was a singer and dancer. They were married in 1942 and she passed away in 1962 after a long illness during which Aladdin suffered constantly at her side.

Now he says, with a philosophic smile, "It may be chance—but I have only known two loves and both their names began with 'L': Louise and Lori. I was very happy with Louise and I am very happy now with Lori!" ●

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KONRAD MATTHAEI

(*Continued from page* 50)

industrial real estate. After a year of living with Gay's folks, Konrad managed to save enough to move his family to a Manhattan apartment. At last he could be near the theaters and audition for everything—holding fast to his steady part-time job as salesman.

"We moved into a 'floor-through' apartment," Konrad recently recalled. He leaned back in his swivel chair comfortably slumping. "Sounds impressive but it was a railroad apartment on 91st Street. It wasn't our ideal, but it was big and cheap.

"In all this time I heard nothing from my father, then when he saw me on *Secret Storm*, he began to think *perhaps* I was getting somewhere. I'll admit, there were times when I wondered if I had made a mistake, because that job selling real estate was my only source of steady income."

He chuckled, shaking his head, laughing at himself. "As a matter of fact, it was only a few months ago that I finally did give it up. Unlike some actors, my family comes first, above all else. If I were unable to make a good income, support my family, I would give up acting."

Until recently, those lean years were the only time Konrad would allow Gay to work—he just doesn't believe in working wives. But he realized he was doing her a great injustice by not allowing her to follow her desire, as he had followed his. Gay is a film director. "She is of inestimable value, critically, to me, and a great idea person," beams Konrad. She proved this recently by directing an educational film with new concepts and new techniques. The Ford Foundation acclaimed the film, *Where Time Is A River*, as the finest of its kind.

Konrad gave his desk a knuckle-rap. "Knock wood, so far everything has worked out for me. So far—" he added with no small amount of uncertainty. "In this business you're on top one day and out of the running the next. You've got to be better than good in this field because there's always somebody clambering right behind you up that golden ladder.

"By now I'm accustomed to pressure. I've certainly known enough of it.

"When I left my secure position in Dad's firm, the mental conflict was tremendous. I knew how opposed my parents were. My fears of failure were like prison bars—making my choice was like breaking out of jail. I knew I might not make it as an actor, particularly with no background for it. Failing would be rather like getting caught, you know, and having to go home and serve time.

"My father seemed to forget he *chose* his profession. When I went to him and said I didn't feel I belonged in the automotive world—he took it as some sort of personal defeat."

Super K admits he could understand his father's opposition. To decide to act was not something a 24-year-old man with a family was supposed to do! "Papa M" made no bones about how he felt. "It was madness, I guess, but I had to do it."

Listening to Konrad, watching his expressive face, one could actually see the tension mounting as he nervously pounded pencil to desk. "Today, I'm glad I had the courage to do it, but there were times . . ."

They went through plenty of tight-pocket tension the first couple of years in New York and with the coming of their second daughter, Leslie, Gay had to resign her position as assistant to the director of the Russian Institute at Columbia University. But, as with all rainy days, the sun finally broke through. Konrad took a big chance and produced an off-Broadway show, *A Man's Man*, in which he also starred. The show did well.

Broadway began opening its doors to the heretofore unknown and he played in *Luther*, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, *13 Daughters*. A long list of off-Broadway shows followed. He again tried his producing wings, doing the long-running *An Evening's Frost* off Broadway. Then television beckoned. He did *Another World*, *Look Up And Live*, *Secret Storm*, and many many others. There also is a low-budget movie he made last January, produced in Australia, *Long Journey Into Darkness*. It will première in Australia and be shown in the States early in '68.

Back to his hometown

Not only is Konrad "in" at CBS but he's coming "out" soon as a full-fledged Broadway producer. This show, *George M.*, a musical based on the life of George M. Cohan, starring Joel Grey. It's scheduled for Broadway sometime in February. And—the try-out will be in Detroit—his hometown —at the Fisher Theatre in January.

Surely Matthaei Sr. will give his second son a second consideration and the respect he is due for going after and getting what he believed in—since Frederick Matthaei once upon a time did the very same thing.

Konrad's piercing blue eyes have a look that tells you he'll never turn his back on his son no matter what road he chooses to travel. Konrad Jr. is a handsome infant favoring his dad in looks. He has already been tagged Baby K as opposed to Super . . .

The Matthaei family spends Monday through Friday in Manhattan, where Leslie and Marcy attend private schools. Weekends they are in the country. Marcy, who dreams of being an actress, is already a model for Bonwit Teller. Leslie wants to be a ballerina or a nurse. Both girls are fiercely proud of their dad. Leslie giggles and glows whenever he's recognized and often stirs up Pop's ire by humming as they stroll along the street, "Here's Roy McGuire." Yes, Konrad's girls, both of them, are his biggest fans.

That golden ladder Konrad mentioned is very much in his thoughts but Super K has got what it takes to scale the heights. ●

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JACK IMEL

(*Continued from page* 65)

my nature. I feel a woman as pretty as Norma is bound to attract some attention, but I know she's absolutely trustworthy, and a lady besides. So I watch her having a good time while I sit like a wallflower. The funny thing is, women write me, saying how lucky my wife must be to have a husband who's such a good dancer, and complaining because their own husbands won't get on the floor."

Though famous for his dancing on the Welk show, Jack prefers playing the marimba and vibraphone. Dancing, he likes to point out, is not his ultimate goal. He was recently named assistant to Jim Hobson, producer of the Welk program. Other members of the band agree that he is "the most versatile man we have." Jack himself expresses the hope that he will someday rise to the rank of producer. "Show business has been good to me," he says. "I'm lucky in that I've never had to take a step backwards. I've always gone forward. In another ten years I'll be too old for dancing, which is why I want to get into the production end. With five kids who may want to go to college, I have to look ahead. . . ."

The marriage of the Imels has a "pat arrangement." As Jack puts it, "I'm the provider and Norma decides what's to be done with the provisions. She doesn't trespass on my territory and I don't butt into hers. I guess it sounds kind of old-fashioned, but for us it works just fine." Jack is evidently sincere in this declaration. Recently the Imels bought a new home in Canoga Park, a suburb in the San Fernando Valley. It has five bedrooms, five baths, and they are installing a pool in their big back yard. The house, a two-story affair, overlooks Lake Chatsworth. These are details Jack can glibly relate. But ask about the furnishing and Jack looks blank. "You'll have to check with Norma on that," he admits. "To be honest, I don't know one period from another—but I remember her mentioning Danish modern. I said that's okay with me. I feel that's her department. After all, she's home more than I am."

On occasion Jack's "lucky five" have joined him on the show, but he and Norma refuse to "con the kids into show business." Should they give signs of talent or a wish to become performers, Jack says that would be fine with him. "But no pushing. If I have a pet peeve it's against parents who push their children into the entertainment field. We feel that our children must get an education first, above all, because without an education a person is lost nowadays. It's a solid ground to fall back on if a career on the stage doesn't work out. Then if they really want to try their wings in the toughest profession in the world, show business, it's their bag and they'll have to see it through." Norma nods her head in firm agreement. But she does add a hopeful note. "Of course our children already show signs of ability," she points out. "The two girls, Debbie and Cindy dance up a storm . . . Greg plays the drums . . . Tim, the guitar . . . and our youngest, Terry, tries to do all three. He's like his dad in that respect," she laughs.

Jack and Norma both originate from Portland, Indiana, a small town of 11,000. An only child, Jack had no wish to go into his father's grocery business. His mother started him dancing when he was four. At 11, he auditioned for a radio show in Fort Wayne, and was told he ought to learn a couple of instruments if he wanted to go into radio. "That's when I took up the xylophone," he recalls. "After high school I got into the Jordan Music Conservatory of Indianapolis. I quit to join the *Horace Heidt Show* and toured with it." Soon after, he volunteered for service with the Navy and was stationed in Washington, D.C. "That's about when Norma and I decided to get married."

While still in service Jack went to New York to appear on Dennis James' *Chance Of A Lifetime*. The show proved to be just that for the Imels. Jack won a thousand dollars and that hung him up on a career in show business. "I felt at last that I was good enough to make my mark. I spent the last few months of service traveling over 30,000 miles, entertaining at Navy bases. Just before I became a civilian again, Lawrence Welk, bless him, listened to a record I had cut and gave me an audition. It resulted in a job as guest star with the Welk band, at the Aragon ballroom. The audience seemed to like me and Welk gave me a job.

"That was ten years ago," chuckles Jack, "and here I still am." He runs a hand through his black hair and his dark eyes gleam humorously, "My whole professional life, you might say, is tied in with the fortunes of the Welk organization."

Of German, Irish and English ancestry, black-haired, brown-eyed Jack stands 5'11" and weighs 160. He was born June 9, 1932. He likes music of all kinds, "provided it is played well, and has a solid beat." His favorite singers are Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald. Among the bands, he favors Count Basie's group. "He's got the precious ingredient that is a must—rhythm. I love anything with rhythm. My mother used to say that as an infant I'd jump up and down in my crib whenever the radio was turned on. That's probably the first sign I gave of dancing talent."

"Could be," laughs Norma, mischief in her smile. "It's probably when he did his best dancing for nothing, except the pleasure of it. Nowadays you obviously have to pay him before he lifts a foot. . . ." —ENID FIFE

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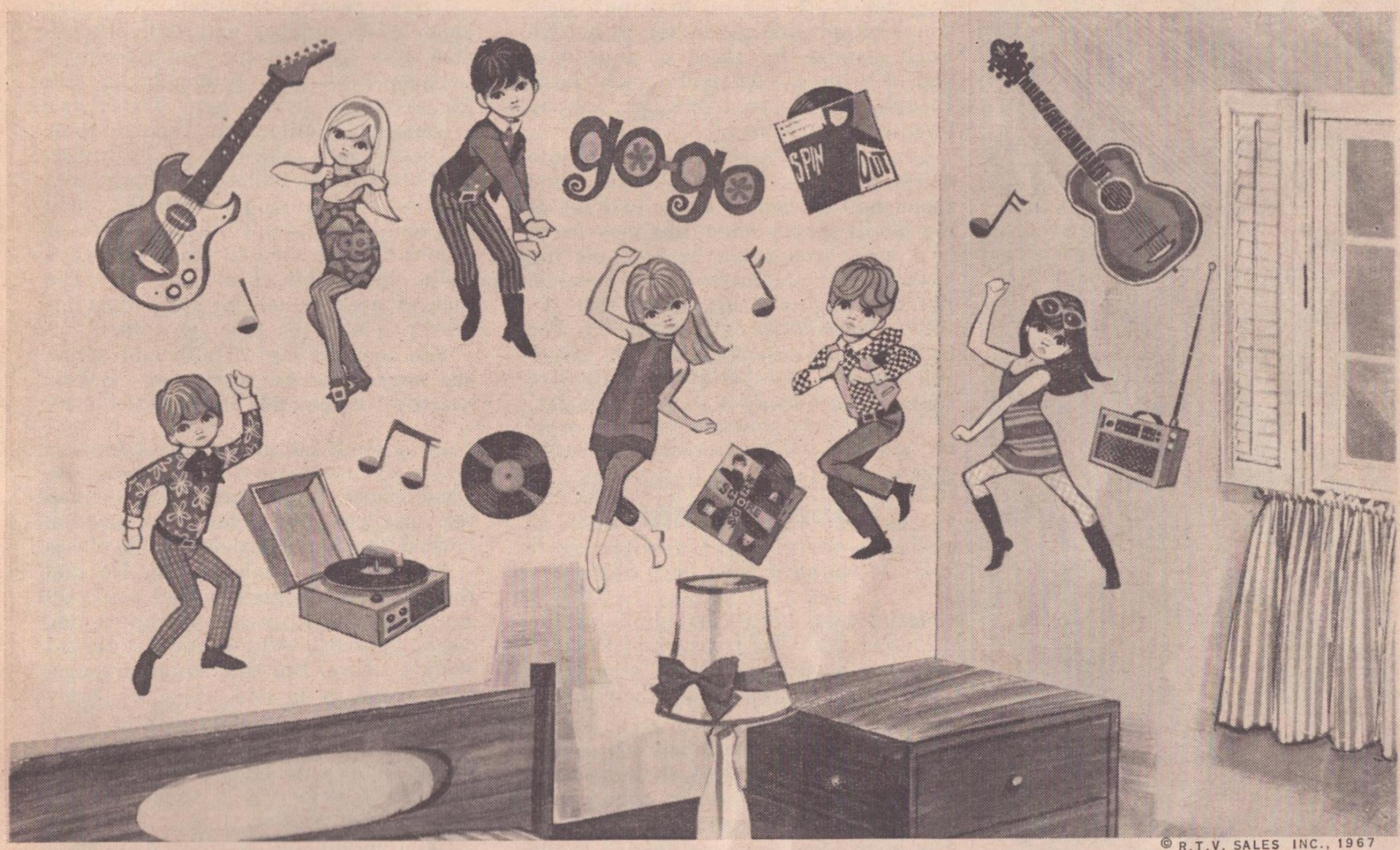

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LARRY HOOPER

(*Continued from page* 67)

with all its lights aglow, quite a sight."

Larry is said to be quite a model railroader, but he says this reputation is exaggerated. "I just set up the railroad in December, for the holiday season. It isn't up all the time. I usually set it up in the living room or the den or the family room. I run nine or ten trains on it. We enjoy them."

The whole family enjoys camping. "Every summer we try to reserve a few days for it. We go up to King's Canyon, east of Fresno, in the Big Redwood country for three or four days and set up a big tent that's large enough for all five of us. We fish up there and go hiking."

Larry might never have gone into music if his mother hadn't made him spend half an hour a day practicing at the family piano, when, like most boys, he'd have been much happier playing baseball with the other fellows outside. But he's mighty happy today that she was so insistent on his practicing. For he thoroughly enjoys his musical career and says, "I guess I'd do it all over again the same way if I had my choice. I used to want to be a history or English teacher back when I was in high school, because I always enjoyed those subjects, but I'm glad things turned out the way they did." He's especially glad that Lawrence Welk prevailed on him to sing, that day back in 1952 when the band was playing at the Aragon Ballroom in Pacific Ocean Park. Up till then, Larry had been too shy to sing with the band, but on that particular day Welk insisted that each member of the band sing a number—and Larry's deep voice made an instant hit with the audience, leading in turn to his hit record.

Larry enjoys traveling with the band every summer and fall, but seldom gets back to his home town of Lebanon, Missouri, although he still has a brother living there. Today he's a confirmed Californian. But wherever his career may take him in the future, he'll cling to the philosophy that guides his life. "I have a lot of faith," he'll tell you. "But I don't think that prayer should be restricted to the times when you're in trouble. I always say, 'The time of need is not the right time for prayer. That's the time for *action*.'"

The combination of faith and action has worked for Larry Hooper—and he heartily recommends it! —SAM GEERY

BUDDY MERRILL

(*Continued from page* 62)

material loss, been carried off in the turbulent tide. The treasure of Buddy's life, "my very first guitar," was gone. The Merrills stood amid their ruins, heartbroken and stunned.

But Buddy and Ruth had one source of comfort and strength, their love for each other. It became the foundation, more substantial than cement, for their new home. Together they turned to the task of rebuilding and replacing, and now, almost five years later, their present home stands on the same site, a monument to the courage and resilience of a good marriage.

"Buddy," Lawrence Welk recalls, "never one time groaned or moaned, but set his jaw and promised to make a new home for his family. And he did just that." At the time Buddy was quoted as saying, "Things can be replaced but people can't. So I thank God that I was home when the disaster occurred. I was able to help Ruth and our little girl, Cheryl, come out of it safe and sound. We had neighbors who weren't so lucky."

Buddy holds two distinctions in the band. He was the youngest of the group when they made their debut on national TV, and he's the only one ever to leave the Welk band and then return. That move was not by his own decision. As a teenager, he had entered the Welk All-American Music Competition in 1955 when the maestro was on the search for new talent. Buddy won a $500 prize and a tape recorder. Welk was highly pleased with the young guitarist who had not yet finished school. He himself had never had the privilege of a formal education beyond the fourth grade, so he places a great value on scholarship. He told Buddy, "Finish high school and get your diploma. Then if you want a job, come to me." And Buddy followed Welk's advice. But this happy arrangement came to an end when the Army called. Stationed permanently at West Point as a member of the Army Band, Buddy made sure to resume his duties with Welk immediately upon his discharge from service.

"You might add a third distinction to the other two," he grins. "I'm the only one of the Welk band who hasn't succumbed to the golfing bug. Mr. Welk and the others have been trying to recruit me to the game for years—without success. I'm just not very interested in sports, so why pretend I am just because it's expected of every American male?"

Buddy, aside from the stint with the West Point band, has never played professionally with any other group and he has never missed a day's work since graduating from high school.

Buddy and Ruth had already met when he went into military service. She had come to the Aragon Ballroom in Santa Monica where the Champagne Music Makers had first gained fame. There she met Buddy. He asked for her phone number, but since she was with a date, Ruth didn't feel it was proper to give it to him. Instead, she came back the next week alone and, when Buddy made the same request, felt free to tell him her number. Buddy relates, "We dated pretty steadily for eighteen months before getting married. But we knew long before then that we were in love. It seemed right

to wait, however, since we were both very young." On May 3, 1959, they were married in New York.

The Merrills now have two daughters, Cheryl, 7, and Melody Lynn, almost 2. They would perhaps like "just two more" because they feel "four seems like a nice, round, reasonable number." Buddy's eventual ambition is to be a record producer and to this end, he and Johnny Klein, the Welk drummer, work out almost every day so they can develop new sounds and original methods.

Born in Cainville, Utah, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Behumin, Buddy and his family moved to Gardena, California. "I was only an infant at the time so I suppose that makes me practically a native Californian." He was christened Merrill, and later decided to use that name professionally "since it was easier to spell and pronounce than Behumin." Nicknamed "Buddy" as a child, he now thinks of it as his real name. "The only fly in the jam pot," he laughs, "is how long can a grown man continue to call himself Buddy?" Members of the band have solved this problem via a compromise. They call him "Bud" but even this, he tells you, with a grin, "is beginning to wear thin!"

Buddy, or "Bud," is a natural musician. His father played the Spanish guitar and Buddy can't recall a time when he wasn't fascinated by the language of rhythm and melody. At four he began learning the scales and chords, and by the time he was 11, he was so adept that his parents bought him a steel guitar. Unassuming and modest, Buddy is known as "the quiet man" of the band. He lets his flying fingers do his talking for him, and when scolded by Ruth for some lapse of memory or husbandly duty, he generally takes to his guitar as a means of answering. He refers to this habit as "licking my wounds." Ruth admits that to her he is the ideal mate and father. "I love him, his music, and his ideas—what more can a wife say," she smiles contentedly. —KATHLEEN POST

BOB LIDO

(*Continued from page* 67)

tan and tough; the other, Kitty, is gray and of a milder disposition. "I'd never been around cats before," Bob admits, "so it's been quite an experience for me. I had to adjust to them and they to me. It wasn't all pet and purr. Cats have a way of training their owners before making friends, and during my education I incurred a few well-meaning scratches. . . ."

Before marriage, Bob had bought a home in North Hollywood, a suburb of San Fernando Valley which houses another popular couple of the band, Dick Cathcart and his wife, Peggy Lennon. The Lidos still live in that home, but Nellie, an eager fixer-upper, has done "a tip-top job" of redecorating and landscaping. Bob has watched this transformation of his "old bachelor pad" with a kind of gentle merriment.

"Looks like I made a good deal, getting Nellie—all that interior decorating and outside improvement for free," he smiles. "Actually we both like the outdoors, and Nellie is especially gone on gardening. She's replanted all the front and back areas and I've been helping when I can. When we're not barbecuing on the patio we spend most of our time in the den. It's amazing how marriage will change the habits of a man. I'd been up to Harrah's in Tahoe with the band for three years. But all I saw was my motel room, the casino and the audience looking up at us on the bandstand. Last summer, it was different. With Nellie along, I suddenly discovered the magnificent scenery of the lake and hills. We drove all over the area, to the ski runs, through Carson valley, to Reno, the silver country, everywhere. I suppose you don't really see the beauty around you until you have someone you love to share the view. . . ."

In his spare time, Bob has a small combo that provides music for parties in Hollywood and greater Los Angeles. "It's fun and I sock away the extra money for my ultimate ambition." The "ultimate ambition" of the Lidos is "to be able to travel for fun's sake, touring without working." He points out, "Nellie and I didn't have time for a honeymoon and we'd like to make a rubbernecking tour of the fifty states, and then, if we can, go to Europe."

Bob's taste runs to casual clothing, casual living, and casual forms of relaxation. He is often kidded about his loud sports shirts. "People always say 'that's a hell of an outfit for a violinist' and expect me to wear long hair and act the Continental type. But my taste in music favors jazz, and is definitely low rather than highbrow. The fact is, I love sports, outdoor barbecues, and activities that don't require heavy, deep thinking." This penchant for jazz, however, did not endear him to Willie and Kitty. His violin's high notes sent them screeching out of the room, and they literally despised his hi-fi system. "They're getting used to it now," Bob chuckles. "I guess the shrill notes of the violin hurt their ears. I don't say they like it now, but they don't leave the room when I play the hi-fi or practice my violin. . . ."

Bob is a native of Jersey City, New Jersey. He is one of three brothers, and his brown eyes light up when he says, "My parents had about given up on me, as my brothers had married long ago. But whenever I visit the family, they all congratulate Nellie for having 'hog-tied' me and made me respectable!"

It was at an early age that Bob showed his preference for the violin. By the time he was in his junior year in high school, he received his first professional offer—weekend work, playing for passengers on New York's Staten Island ferry. After graduation, he went into radio as part of the trio, and was heard over several New York

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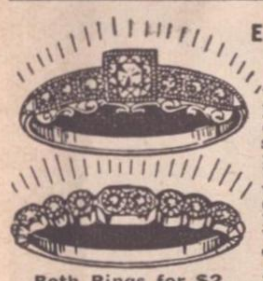

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stations. "Even then the idea of travel haunted me," he says. "It led to my going on the road for a year with a vaudeville troupe. I got the chance to see about twenty states before I quit to return to New York with a jazz group." Later, Bob formed his own orchestra and played the Savoy-Plaza Hotel. From there he joined the *Perry Como Show.* Three years passed happily but he finally yielded to his innate restlessness and left to join Carmen Cavallero's orchestra as a featured vocalist. "I still like to mix playing an instrument with singing," he al[illegible].

"California had always draw[illegible] me like a magnet," he explains. "So I decided to take the big step. I leapfrogged across the continent, and landed in Los Angeles, hungry for a job. Good luck came my way, and I was invited to play with the Ambassador Hotel orchestra. As a result of hearing me there, Lawrence Welk offered me a job. Can you believe—that was ten years ago, and I've never desired to make any changes since. Why should I? Being with Welk has brought me the greatest luck in the world, meeting an oldfashioned, lovely and devoted wife like Nellie. As I look at my present situation, I must say that now I'm a new Bob Lido—settled, contented and optimistic." —TERRY FRANCIS

JOHNNY CARSON

(*Continued from page* 32)

a magazine interview with Barbara Walters of *Today.* "I used to, but now I leave it at a bottle of beer or an occasional vodka and tonic. I had a tendency to get hostile when I drank, so now I stay away from it. . ."

But Johnny's hostility toward Ed McMahon over the mosquito joke wasn't really the reason for giving up drink! Johnny wasn't even *on* the stuff at the time. As Ed likes to explain: "He was doing a thing once about how mosquitoes only go after the really passionate people. Without thinking, I slapped my arm. It was instinctive. But it killed his punchline.

"I apologized for that. I couldn't help myself. . . Playing second banana with him causes some problems. You can't take away from the star. What makes a good second banana is a guy who can walk the tightrope without falling off."

It seems incredible that Ed and Johnny could have even a temporary falling-out over such a minuscule matter as a mosquito (however passionately inclined). But it happened—and it shows how much things had changed since the old days when Ed and Johnny used to drink together.

That was back before Johnny became a star, back while his first marriage to Jody Wolcott was beginning to break up. Jody was the blonde University of Nebraska coed who worked as assistant to Johny's "magician" act before she married him and they had three sons.

In those difficult days, Johnny occasionally found it easier to be out on the town than stay at home in Larchmont with Jody and the children. He was seen frequently in Toots Shor's, the Copacabana, Sardi's and Danny's Hideaway . . . most often with Ed McMahon . . . and sometimes, when seen, he was feeling no pain.

One night he was in the swank Voisin, having drinks at the bar with Jacqueline Susann, Rocky Graziano and Mrs. Rudy Vallee. Gradually the conversation between Jacqueline (who one day in the not-too-distant future would write the runaway bestseller *Valley Of The Dolls*) and Johnny (who one day in the not-too-distant future would be TV's Mr. Big) suddenly got louder . . . and l-o-u-d-e-r . . . and L-O-U-D-E-R.

As patrons and bartenders fidgeted nervously over the noisy tension brewing at one end of the bar, Jacqueline was suddenly heard shouting to Johnny: "You are unbearably rude. Please leave!"

Johnny gave Jacqueline his most superior smirk and told her, in no uncertain terms, that he wouldn't leave on her sayso—or anybody else's.

With that, Jacqueline reached for her drink—a "black Russian," a syrupy, chocolate-like concoction made of vodka and Kahula—and heaved it in Johnny's face.

That was the splash that brought the beginning of the end of Johnny Carson's nights on the town—and also of his drinking.

Not long after, he met Joanne Copeland, the former Pan American stewardess and actress on TV's *Video Village.* At the time, Johnny was just beginning to make the high ratings with his afternoon show, *Who Do You Trust?* He and Joanne were married in the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City in 1963, several months after his divorce from Jody became final.

By then, Johnny had given up drinking except for that occasional beer or vodka-and-tonic.

Perhaps, as Johnny now asserts, drinking did make him "hostile" on occasion, with the Jacqueline Susann incident as a possible example. But there were other times when it appears to have brought out his humorous side.

Like the time a few years ago that Johnny hosted a party for baritone Robert Merrill, on opening night at the Metropolitan Opera. It was a night in which Merrill was able to gain a real insight into the complex character of Johnny Carson—who actually wasn't drinking much then.

"He was scared," Merrill explained. "He was frightened to death. The boy was pale. He said, 'Bob, don't leave me, don't leave me.' He was charming but frightened to death.

"But as the party went on, he began to come out of that small-town Nebraska boy. He started to blossom out. They were not his type of crowd. After all, it was a longhair party. But they were thrilled to meet him. He started enjoy-

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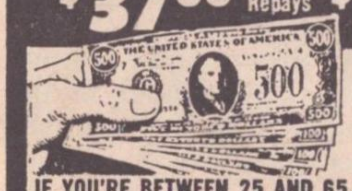

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ing it. But he wouldn't let me leave him and if I had to go and speak to some people, my wife would stay with him."

Drink may have helped Johnny Carson come out of his shell that night, as it had many nights before, when he and Merrill first met—way back in 1956.

"We were both assigned to be judges at a beauty show at the Coliseum," Merrill related. "I looked over and saw this very shy, thin little guy named Johnny Carson who, I was told, was doing *The Morning Show* for a couple of weeks. He was sitting in a corner. He didn't say a word. He just sat alone.

"He was so terribly shy"

"After the event was over, I suggested we go out and have a drink—and he opened up a little. My impression of him was that he felt kind of lost in the big city and was afraid of not starting out right. He was so terribly shy. . . ."

Along with saying farewell to drink, to which he was never greatly addicted in the first place, Johnny has also turned his back on the parties and nightspot prowls that he once seemed to enjoy so. Nights out are rare for him now. He and Joanne prefer to stay holed up in their new nine-room duplex in the United Nations Plaza, overlooking the East River, where their neighbors include such personages as the David Susskinds and the Robert F. Kennedys.

Occasionally they will make a little swing around Manhattan Isle. There are nights when Johnny doesn't feel like staying home to pop popcorn or play with his videotape recorder or practice on the guitar. There are nights when Joanne doesn't feel like doing the laundry. Those are the nights they go out.

And they may go to hear Buddy Rich, the jazz drummer, if he's in town. Or they may go to one of the other nightspots where they'll run into personalities who have as big a following as Johnny has.

Certainly that can happen at a place like Jilly's. In fact, it did happen at Jilly's recently when Johnny and Joanne and Ed McMahon ended up at the piano bar there about 1 A.M.

Jilly's, of course, wouldn't be Jilly's if Frank Sinatra wasn't there. The crowd this night was a bit edgy because Frankie had been expected and hadn't yet arrived. Then, all of a sudden, there was a commotion at the door. A hush fell over the restaurant. All eyes turned to see who it was.

It was Frankie and Mia and entourage.

As they strode toward Sinatra's special table in the back, Frankie glanced toward the bar and caught sight of Johnny Carson. Johnny looked at Frankie, frowned, looked down at his watch, shook his head, then glanced up again.

"Frank" he said, "I *told* you 12:30!"

It broke everybody up.

But that's about as far as Johnny

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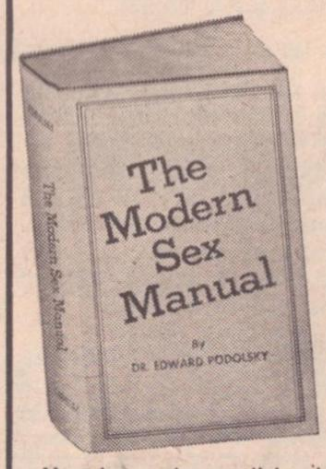

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- What should a couple know about sexual relations during pregnancy?
- Which common mistakes are made by men and women in sexual relations? How may they be corrected?
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- How often do varying types of people indulge in sexual relations?
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- How can couples achieve complete compatibility even though their sexual needs may be very different?
- When is a woman's sexual urge at its highest?
- How can man and wife best insure that they achieve satisfaction together?
- How can you determine if sexual needs are excessive or below normal in huband or wife? What are the remedies?
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NEIL LEVANG

(*Continued from page* 63)

about. The Levangs were on their annual fishing trip off Westport, Washington, and Marian had just caught 85 pounds of salmon. Her husband had reeled in a few, so small that conscience had dictated his throwing them back.

"Happiness, to me," sighs Neil, in recalling the incident, "would be topping my wife at fishing. Believe me, that day is going to come."

Marian was a performer when she met Neil. He had a radio show in Seattle and she auditioned to sing with the group. "Neither of us realized it at the time," laughs Neil, "but she was also auditioning to be my wife."

It was, however, no whirlwind courtship. In fact, the couple knew each other for four years before Neil even asked Marian out.

"You can see," adds Marian, "that Neil isn't one who leaps into things. But after we started dating, we realized there was no one else for either of us. We were married ten months later, at the Bethel Lutheran Church in Seattle."

That was October 10, 1954, and thirteen years later, asked what first attracted her to her husband, Mrs. Levang replied: "Everything. And I still find everything about him attractive. I enjoy being a wife and mother and have never had the desire to go back into show business.

"Maybe our children will carry on in the entertainment field. Mark plays the ukulele and piano. Carol Anne takes dancing and talks about becoming a singer. At home, we're always having our own little musicales. Neil's parents, who live out here in Riverside, often come over and join in. His dad plays a mean banjo."

It was because of the senior Levang's banjo-picking that Neil first got interested in being a performer. Neil was the youngest of two sons born to Anton and Ethel Levang back in Adams, North Dakota. They lived on 160 acres of wheat land. On the livingroom wall hung an expensive banjo, played occasionally by Neil's father. From the time he first heard it played, Neil was fascinated by the instrument. But he had been forbidden to even touch it.

Instead, his parents bought him a dime-store drum—ample, they felt, for a 4-year-old. Even at that young age, Neil was able to tap out songs in perfect rhythm. His interest soon palled, though, and his eyes were constantly on the banjo. Finally, when he was about 7, he persuaded his mother to let him practice on it while his father was working in the fields. With the help of his brother, Neil was soon able to play some simple tunes.

One night, they surprised their father as he came through the door. Neil was in the next room strumming away—and was so good, Mr. Levang thought the radio was playing. When he discovered it was his son, he told the boy the banjo was his.

Later Neil was given violin lessons. In fact, he was a professional fiddler until ten years ago, when he switched to guitar "because there are more good violinists around than guitarists," he explains. "Besides, I felt I could play a wider range of music on a guitar."

Neil left North Dakota at the age of 15 and began traveling with various bands. He had his own group for a while, barnstorming the West Coast. In Seattle, he had his own TV and radio shows until he joined the Coast Guard. After service he returned to the Washington city.

But in 1957 Neil made his two big decisions: He switched to the guitar, and he decided to give Hollywood a second try. "I'd been here once before," he admits, "but aside from appearing in a few third-grade films, hadn't done much.

"I was never out of work, since I played with studio orchestras and then toured with Gail Davis (TV's *Annie Oakley*). Then, in 1959, Lawrence Welk was having guest guitarists appear on his show and I was one of them. He asked me to stay on permanently, and I must say I'm glad."

The Levangs have a home in the Knollwood section of Los Angeles. It is Mediterranean-style, with a swimming pool, which Neil keeps threatening to stock with fish so he can get more experience casting his line, the better to beat Marian the next time they go fishing. He doesn't confine his activities to the Welk show but works at various studios as a free-lancer, backing some of the top singers. He also does orchestrating.

"Keeping busy and active are very

important to me," he says. "Even though I've worked as a professional for twenty years, I still feel I'm in the beginning stages of show business. When you stop learning, you're no longer any good to yourself or your profession, whatever it is. I don't aspire to be the best," he sums up with a grin, "but just do my best, whether it's when I'm working at my music, or just relaxing at fishing."

—BEATRICE EMMONS

LAWRENCE WELK

(*Continued from page* 56)

she can help the little fellow." As they raced off he commented, "I'm glad my grandchildren are able to enjoy the pool but I'm even more pleased when I see them taking an interest in some of the simple things of nature—like bugs. I don't believe happiness comes from luxuries."

Lawrence was to learn at an early age how important the two elements, God and family, were to his well-being. He almost died of a ruptured appendix at the age of ten. Had it not been for his family's faith that all would turn out well, he probably would not have had the courage to put up such a battle for his life. The nearest hospital was in Bismarck, 78 miles away. There wasn't even a doctor close by. So Lawrence, wrapped in blankets on a bed of straw, his head in his mother's lap, was taken to Bismarck, by horse-drawn wagon. It was a rough journey over a dirt road. It was a miracle that he even survived the trip to the hospital, the doctors told his parents. "There is little hope we can save him," they added, "but we'll keep trying." Mrs. Welk replied, "With God's help I know that will be enough. I'll go now to church and pray."

While he did recover, Lawrence was to be bedridden for almost a year. And the illness left him considerably weakened.

Rev. Father Mark Renner, pastor of Strasburg's Sts. Peter and Paul Church and a close friend of Lawrence Welk, recently shared his insights into the man. He related to one reporter:

"Although he is in fine health, Lawrence has had to combat all these years the enervating effects of a ruptured appendix in his youth. . . . To this day his diet is a restricted one—bland foods, pureed foods—for this childhood illness left scarified abdominal adhesions and intestinal weaknesses. Yet I am sure no one has ever heard him complain, nor has he allowed it to limit his activities."

Years after this childhood illness, Welk was to have a gallstone operation which doctors said could well have had some relation to this illness. But he has rarely mentioned this early-life incident that brought him so close to death. It was, however, to have far-reaching effects on three important phases of his life—his education; his turning to music as a career; and finally, and most important, his romance with Fern Renner, who was to become his wife.

Young Lawrence had just completed the fourth grade at a country school conducted by the Ursuline Sisters when struck by the appendicitis attack. He never returned to any formal education after that. Involuntarily, at the age of ten, he became a school dropout.

"And I have always regretted it," he says, his face becoming very serious. "At the time I quit I must admit I wasn't too unhappy about it. Like many boys I thought it would be fun not to be burdened with school. There was plenty of work to be done on the farm and my father expected me to do my share. I wasn't physically able at the time to go to school six hours a day, then spend five hours at helping with the milking and harvesting and other chores. When my father suggested I drop out of school for a while, I made no protest. But I have regretted it every day since I became a man."

Had Lawrence Welk wanted to remain on his family's farm, schooling might not have been that important. But he began to realize even at the age of 11 that farming was not for him. The only part of the day he really liked was after supper. Father Ludwig would play the accordion (which had belonged to his father in Alsace-Lorraine) and the whole family would sing and dance polkas. The boy asked his father if he could play the treasured family instrument and was given permission to practice.

By the time he was 13 he was good enough to be playing at community dances and church socials. At 14, he bought his own accordion—for $15 earned by trapping muskrat and badger and selling the pelts. He wore out this cheap accordion and talked his father into staking him to $400 for a new one. In exchange he promised to remain on the farm until he was 21 and turn over all the money he earned from playing at dances and weddings.

When young Lawrence finally set out to make his way in the music world he did it by forming his own band. Why at such a young age did he undertake such an ambitious thing?

The struggle begins

"It wasn't ambition," Welk candidly admits. "I couldn't read music, so I couldn't get a job playing with a good band. Rather than go with a mediocre group, I decided to form my own outfit." Aside from a brief stint with George T. Kelly's "Peerless Entertainers," Welk has remained his own boss ever since.

By 1927, Welk had his own radio show on WNAX in Yankton, South Dakota. Yankton was to play a big part of his life, not only because from there he got his first out-of-state bookings, but because it was there he met Fern, who was then in nurse's training at Sacred Heart Hospital.

"Even when I was in the hospital as a boy I remember feeling so grate-

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ful for the care the nurses gave me," Welk recalls. "My folks had to return to the farm and leave me at the hospital alone. It felt so good to a child to have the tender hands of nurses there to r[illegible]ure him. I'm sure that Fern's bein[illegible] a nurse made me respect her immed[illegible]tely. She was my nurse when I was hospitalized for a minor operation in Yankton."

It was not a whirlwind romance. Fern was serious about becoming a nurse and Lawrence was equally dedicated to music. Neither was looking for marriage at the time. It wasn't until two years later, in Denver, Colorado, that their paths crossed again. Fern had been working in Dallas, Texas, but was visiting friends in Denver. Lawrence's band had an engagement in that city. Fern learned Lawrence was in town and called him to ask if he remembered her. Indeed he did!

"We dated in Denver, then corresponded for a while," explains Welk. "And on April 19, 1931, we were married in Sioux City, Iowa."

Almost the next ten years of the Welks' life were homeless ones, filled with wandering from one-night stand to one-night stand across the country. These early days were difficult for Fern and Lawrence financially—but never romantically.

"When we were on the road with the band, staying in a different town every night," Welk says, "Fern and I would envy people who were settled in a nice house on a quiet street. I don't care where it is, there's nothing like a home to call your own."

Fern was always with her husband until their first baby, Shirley Jean, was born. Mrs. Welk decided to go to Dallas and have the child in the hospital where she'd worked. Lawrence was playing in Denver at the Broadmoor Country Club at the time. There was some difficulty in locating him to tell him the news that he was a father. As a boy he had often slept in the open hayloft of the barn when neighbors occupied his bed during threshing time. The Denver home where he was staying had a couch on an outside porch, and Welk decided to sleep there that particular night. It snowed—six inches in fact—but Lawrence went right on snoozing. It never occurred to anyone that he might be under the heavy blanket of white flakes. His landlady was shocked when he walked into the kitchen soaking wet.

"It was wonderful to learn I was a father," Welk says. "I think, for those of us people who love a family, the birth of the first child gives us a feeling that we have only once in a lifetime. I can't explain it in words, except to say it is wonderful. It was over thirty-five years ago when Shirley was born but I still remember the thrill I felt when I learned I had a baby daughter. And now she has four children of her own."

Shirley is married to Dr. Robert Fredericks. While the Fredericks' children (Laura, 9, Robert, 8, David, 6, and Jonathan, 4) have lived in a house from the day they were brought home from the hospital, their mother laughingly says, "They didn't have the adventure I had the first years of my life." For Shirley simply became part of the Welk caravan, journeying with her parents throughout the Midwest. It wasn't easy for Fern, packing and unpacking in one inexpensive hotel after another, but she had taken marriage to Lawrence "for better or for worse" and she meant it. He offered to give up the band business in order to make a "proper home" for her, and at one point did quit to become an insurance salesman. "But Mother saw he wasn't happy," Shirley points out, "and insisted he go back to music."

Donna was born four years after Shirley, and Larry Jr., three years after that. When it was time for Shirley to enter school, Mrs. Welk returned to Yankton, S. D. Later the Welks decided Omaha was more centrally located for Lawrence's work. During summers Fern and the kids toured. The rest of the year they didn't see Daddy very often as his barnstorming took him hundreds of miles away.

Life with "Daddy"

In fact, Welk was never able to share a home with his family until the year he played the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. However, even that still was considered only "temporary" because his band had a short-term contract. It was in Pittsburgh that Welk's show was aired coast-to-coast for the first time. The reaction of radio fans was so favorable, Lawrence told Fern he was determined his would become one of the top bands in the country. In 1940 he left Pittsburgh for an appearance at the famed Chicago Trianon Ballroom. By then he'd picked up the catch slogan "Champagne Music." It was suggested to him by an advertising executive named Phil Davis.

It's a strange title for a man who has never had a drink in his life, but Welk was smart enough to know it was a good one. The "Champagne Music Makers" were an instant hit at the Trianon. For the next 12 years Chicago was Welk's base. His family was "homeless" no more.

"Daddy and Mother bought a house in the suburb of River Forest," Shirley explains. "Daddy said it was near Rosary College, and he figured that's where I'd go. One thing I knew—there was no way of my squirming out of college even if I'd wanted to. From the time I could walk, Daddy talked about the importance of education. I did get my way about one thing," she adds, her dark eyes twinkling. "I didn't go to Rosary College."

It wasn't anything personal against Rosary College, but Shirley felt she wanted to go away to school. "The argument I used on Daddy," she twinkles, "was that it's good for a girl to leave home because it gives her a sense of responsibility and training for marriage. Mother backed me up, so Daddy lost. I went to Marquette, and I'm glad I did because that's where I met my husband. Later, when the family moved to Los Angeles, Daddy figured Donna would go to U.C.L.A. She used the

same persuasion I did, and went away to college, too. But actually, in most ways, Daddy was easier on us than Mother. He was never stern with us."

In 1952 Welk moved his family to Los Angeles. He and Fern bought an old three-bedroom Spanish bungalow and set about remodeling it. They added a family room and lanai so their teen-aged daughters could entertain. As Donna says, "Mother and Daddy always encouraged us to bring our friends home, and we did because we always had more fun there than any place else."

There were, however, certain rules set up by Fern Welk as far as dating was concerned. Her daughters always had a curfew. One night Donna was late and her mother told the young man it must never happen again. After her date left, Donna complained to her father, saying, "I'll never get a husband if Mother does that again." Welk's reply was, "Your mother is right. No nice boy will object to getting a girl home on time."

"Daddy was right," Donna will tell you today, "because I ended up marrying the date I thought Mother chased away." The young man was James Mack, then a medical student and now a full-fledged doctor, currently serving two years in the Navy. The Macks have one child, Jimmy, now going on 6.

For years Welk has had the children of his performers on the Christmas show each year. But 1966 was the first time his grandchildren (or any of his own family) appeared. Fern Welk has always disliked the limelight and guarded her privacy. She felt that since she didn't earn her husband's fame, she should stay out of it. This, of course, is not true because with a less devoted wife, Lawrence would probably never have reached the big-time. However, her attitude naturally rubbed off on her daughters, who emulate their mother in being good wives.

In 1965, all the children were gathered at their grandparents' home to watch the show. Laura Fredericks, the eldest, said, "How come you don't have us on your show, Grandpa?" Welk explained, "I've invited you, but your mothers say no." Several days later Shirley Jean called her father and said, "I guess you win. The kids want to be on the show next year."

A house for "all ages"

After the Welk show was established on network TV, Lawrence told his wife they could afford a new home "built from scratch any way you want." They had always lived in older places before. Fern's answer was, "The children are happy with the house, and so am I." Finally, two years ago, when more re-modeling was needed on the place, the Welks decided to move. They bought a "view" lot not far from the ocean and hired an architect to draw up plans. Fern, who has excellent taste as well as being a spotless housekeeper (the Welks have never had daily help, as she prefers to do most of her own work), contributed many ideas. The result was their tailor-made Mediterranean villa, California ranch-style home which combines their past with their affluent present and future.

"We tried to build the house so three generations could enjoy it," he says.

"We're very proud of our daughters, and of our son. I would have liked for Larry to have taken over some of the business affairs of our organization, but instead he went to work for a record company. He worked himself up from the ground floor there and did a great job. Now I'm glad he made that decision to be on his own."

Fern and Lawrence Welk also thoroughly enjoy their grandchildren. "I think perhaps having them does more for my wife than for me—if that is possible!—because she has more time," Welk reasons. "I guess that's usually the case. But it's always a pleasure to be around them. They say such cute things and they are so real. I'm going to miss little Jimmy very much."

Wherever the husband goes . . .

Jimmy is away from the scene at the moment because his father, Dr. Mack, is stationed in Cincinnati as a Navy officer working with the public health department. Naturally Donna and her son went with him. "They would go without question wherever their husbands' jobs took them," says Welk. "After all, didn't their mother do it for me? And while it wasn't easy on her with my being away so much, she never once complained. But I don't regret any of those early struggles because I feel that on each of those days I learned something. And it makes it so much easier to enjoy life today because we appreciate more each blessing. I must say Mrs. Welk and I enjoy life tremendously. I enjoy my family; I enjoy my friends; I enjoy my work and I enjoy my hobbies. What more could a man ask for?"

Which brings up the question every man must sooner or later ask himself. On March 11, 1968, Welk will be 65 years old. When he reaches this crossroads, which one will he take? Will he continue to entertain his millions of fans? Or will he decide to retire as so many men do at that age?

"I think I'll answer that by telling you a story," replied Welk. "Not long ago Shirley's two youngest children, David and Jonathan, came over to spend the night. The next morning after we'd had our swim, I was on my driving range getting my morning exercise. David was watching me. I asked him, 'David, are you going to play golf with me when you grow up?' David studied me seriously for a minute then said, 'Well, yes, Grandpa, I'd like to if you're still living.'

"I thought that was some answer," Welk chuckled, relating the incident. "But then it was a practical one, because I imagine to David his Grandma and I are pretty old already. Maybe, too, his answer is the reason. I don't think I'll retire for several years. Work keeps your mind active, and activity stimulates life. After all, I want to stay around long enough to have that game of golf with David." ●

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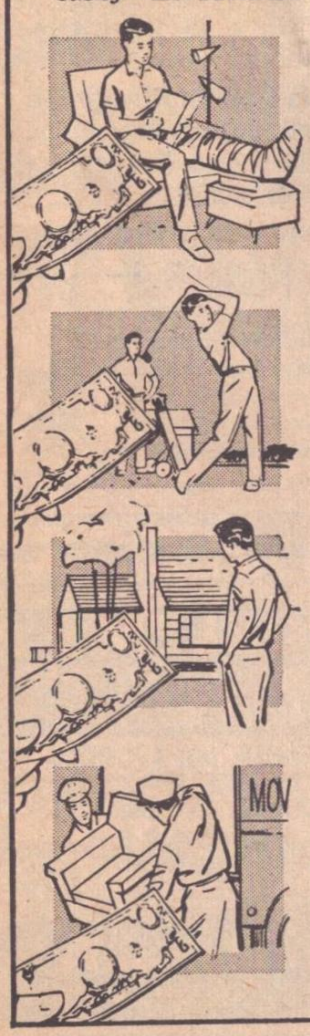

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WAYNE MAUNDER

(*Continued from page* 35)

never was too preoccupied with her own troubles to care for us . . .

"As for trouble, I was always getting into it. I guess I was the black sheep from the time I was born.

"When I was thirteen, my father died. After that, my mother really had her hands full. With my father's death, I was automatically the man of the house, since the oldest child was my sister Joyce. I didn't appreciate the role. I delegated most of the chores to my two younger brothers and went off a lot to think and dream and get into more mischief. There were times when my mother was hospitalized for quite a while and we were more or less on our own. We had a kind of freedom that young kids don't really need. Yet surprisingly enough—and I attribute this mostly to my mother's influence—all of us eventually grew up to be worthwhile, hard-working people. Today, I have one brother in the Army, another who is a writer, my older sister graduated from college, married and is raising a family, and our younger sister is a top student just about to graduate from college. Not bad for the way we started out. . . .

"Anyway, by the time I was fourteen and in junior high, I was quite a problem. I was tough to deal with, hard to get along with.

"At that time, I dreamed most about being a topnotch baseball player. I used to pretend I was like Ted Williams. In fact, I created a new name for myself about then. I was Wayne (Ted-the-Kid-Williams) Maunder!

"Once I got into serious trouble at school and was suspended. I just left home every morning like I was going to school and then I'd fool around. Finally, one of the girls in the class told my mother. I knew something was up because I came home late one night—it was well after midnight! —and the downstairs lights were still on. That meant my mother was *sitting up* and *that* meant trouble. When I walked in, she didn't yell. She just looked hurt. She shook her head and said, 'Wayne, you didn't even tell me you were in trouble at school. Why? What did *I* do wrong?'

"I felt awful. . . . Guilty for hurting her. I told her as gently as I knew how that she hadn't done anything wrong—that it was something in me. . . . That nothing I did wrong was her fault. She just looked at me and I felt so terrible I made up my mind to try harder. I said, 'Mom, one of these days you're going to be proud of me, I promise.' She smiled. She *wanted* to believe me.

More serious trouble

"I didn't improve. After I finished the ninth grade, they wouldn't pass me. They told me I had to repeat the whole year. It was a most embarrassing experience. My younger brother Lyle entered the ninth grade then. It killed me that we were in the same class. It was demeaning. It only enhanced my rebelliousness. Every day I was kept after school. Boy, I wanted to break loose, run wild, get out.

"I loved sports, but I was always being kicked off the team for fighting.

"I had some minor scrapes with the police—nothing serious—the usual juvenile stuff—breaking windows, you know. The police said I had difficulty in my 'social adjustment.' The truth is I just couldn't get along with anyone. It seemed everything I did was wrong—everyone else was right. I'd alternate between trying to straighten up and just plain giving up. Something would always bug me. I'd think, *What's the use of trying? I always seem to be in the wrong anyway.*

"Now I can look back at myself and understand. The truth is, I wanted very much to be liked, accepted, popular. In fact, at first I tried too hard to be liked and failed so miserably so regularly, I finally stopped trying.

"I spent a few years in the Naval Reserve and wound up going on a training cruise on an aircraft carrier, the U.S.S. Leyte. I was my usual confused self—always in the wrong place at the wrong time. After that, I had a whole variety of jobs at which I was consistently very unsuccessful. Then, in 1958, I saved up a few dollars and decided to go back to school. I entered Compton Junior College in California as an English literature major. I did fairly well because I liked the courses, but physically I wore myself out after a year, trying to hold down three separate jobs.

"Adding to my heavy schedule, at this point I joined a theatre workshop and got very interested in acting. The pace nearly killed me. But from the moment I got on stage I knew I had found something I really wanted to pursue. I decided to head back East to aim for Broadway.

"My money lasted a little while, then I hitchhiked. Finally I reached New Jersey, where one of my brothers was living. I was tired. Depressed. Beaten down. I decided I would get a job, earn some money and then invade New York. I found work at a bottling

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company, driving a truck delivering soft drinks. I accumulated ninety dollars and off I went to find my fortune in New York.

Within two weeks I was nearly broke. I had already been hired and fired from half a dozen jobs. When I was stone-broke, I went back to New Jersey. Still, I stayed with Lyle for a few days, had a fight with him, and took off again. I'd got $35 in back pay from the bottling company.

Starving and fighting

"The next period of my life was one of getting jobs and losing them. Meeting people and fighting with them. I hadn't really changed at all!

"In the fall of 1961, I enrolled in Stella Adler's acting classes. To support myself and the classes—I was back to starving—I took part-time jobs.

"Suddenly I got the chance to act in an off-Broadway production of *Othello*. They even offered me a salary —my first earnings as an actor, $15 a week. Eventually I found a few more acting jobs.

"Before I knew it, four more years of my life had gone by.

"By 1965 I was fed up. I considered myself the original Mr. Near-Miss. I came so close to getting work so many times, but something always happened. I became a waiter again, this time in Greenwich Village. I decided to save my money and go back to California. If I had to starve it was easier in a better climate! I was frantic for ticket money. I got a second job, as a cab driver. I managed to get fired in record time. The trip was off.

"Then, just when I was at the bottom of the pit, a man to whom I'd sent pictures and a resumé *two years before* called and asked me to read for a part in *The Knack*. Three days later I was told the part was mine! I was to open [redacted] Red Barn Theatre in Long Island. I wanted this chance so badly, I would have done the part for nothing. They gave me one hundred a week, plus room and board! I couldn't believe it, but it was true. We played there for six weeks—six beautiful weeks. Man, I was in heaven!

"As a result of this show, I was signed to a management contract by Ashley-Famous, a big talent agency. One of the agents especially encouraged me: Jane Oliver. One night we had dinner and she said, 'Wayne, you are going to make it. Why, in a year from now, your name will be in lights.' That was September 1966. One year to the day, *Custer* made its television debut!

"Soon after Jane's prediction I was asked to go to Hollywood to make a screen test for a lead in the *Custer* series. I went, feeling on top of the world. Too happy to be nervous Then it was back to New York—to wait.

"The next five weeks were the worst of my life in many ways.

A fateful Christmas

"It was just before Christmas 1966. I was broke as usual. . . . I was cold and hungry. . . . I was behind in my rent. I broke my toe. The phone company was threatening to disconnect. It was five weeks of sheer hell. Then the call came. The part was mine! They told me to come back to Hollywood immediately. I was so grateful and happy, I was speechless.

"I arrived back in Hollywood one night, and at 7:30 the next morning I was at the studio working on a scene. I panicked. All my life I had wanted so much and I had come so close so many times, only to fail . . . and this time I feared I was headed for failure again. They presented me with this horse. A horse was an alien creature to me. Here I was supposed to be this dashing young cavalry officer, and I didn't even know how to get on a horse properly. And this was only my second time in front of a camera. I was demoralized. In a state of shock. There I was, with a seven-year contract, and I had this feeling that I was about to fall on my face again.

"On the fifth day, I began to improve. On the sixth day, I was better. On the seventh day, I could tell by the attitude on set that I was okay, that everything was fine.

"Has my style of living changed since things have been going fairly well? Yes. I bought myself *three things* since the series started . . . a golf hat (no, I don't play, I just like golf hats) . . . a blue windbreaker . . . and a Lotus Elan sportscar. Other than that, no change. I'm still in the same apartment. I share it with my brother Lyle, who's taking classes at Occidental College. He's the brother I told you about who is a writer. Anyway, we have practically no furniture. My bedroom has one large mattress. There is just *one* extravagance—we have *two* phones!

"Seriously, I live snugly, modestly, and I am happier than I've ever been in my life. I feel a great sense of satisfaction at what I'm doing.

"My social life? Not much. I don't like parties. But I'm *not* the old me anymore. I mean I'm no longer 'anti-social.' I just don't enjoy smoke-filled rooms with lots of noise and people glad-handing each other when they never even remember your name. I like to be with a few close friends and just have a quiet, good time. . . .

Dating "someone special"

"Am I dating anyone special at the moment? Yes. Her name is Lucia Maise. That's all I can tell you right now. . . . No, she's not an actress. . . . Yes, we see each other often. . . .

"Is my family happy? Of course. You don't know how good it felt inside to hear my mother's voice when I called to tell her the news that I was going to be on TV. She cried, too. I'd made her a promise years before about someday making her proud of me. I feel as though I'm about to keep that promise . . . and I'm grateful I can. . . ."

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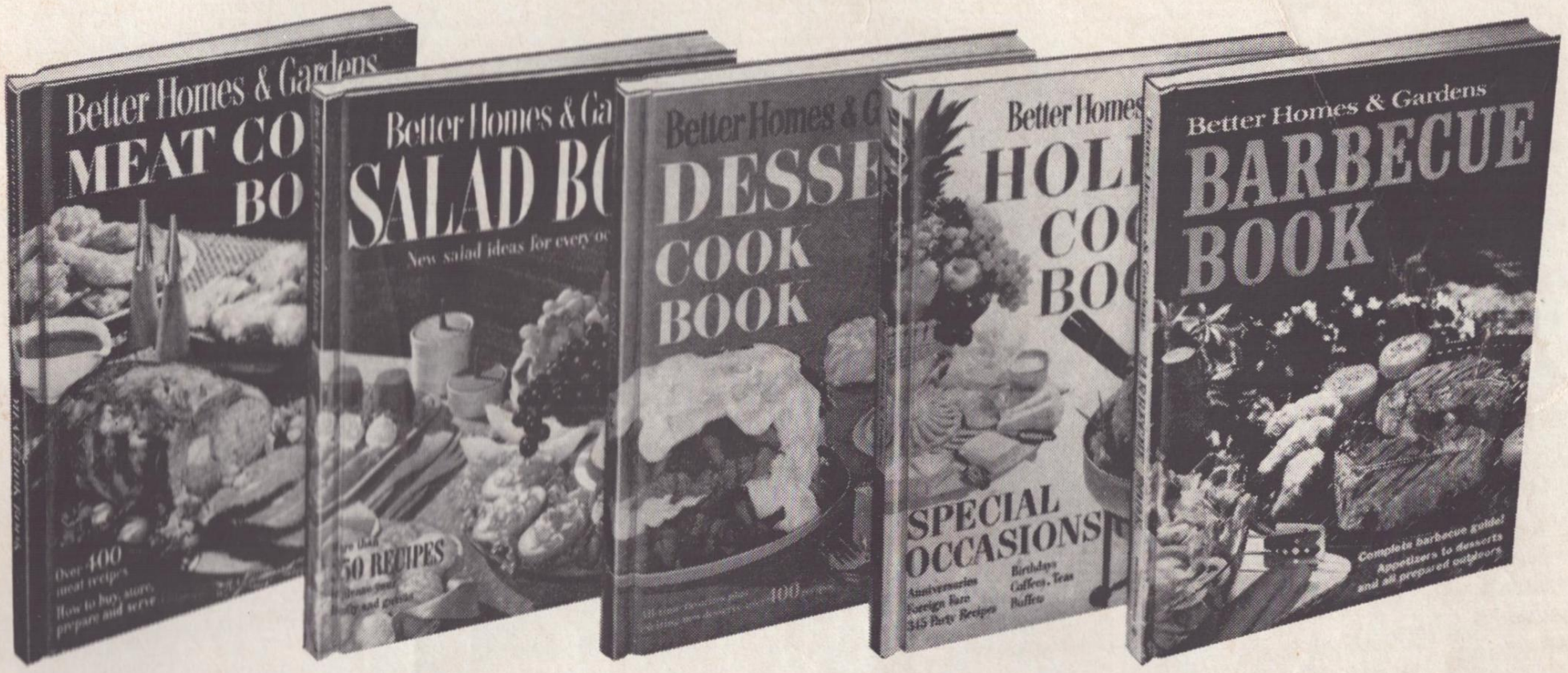

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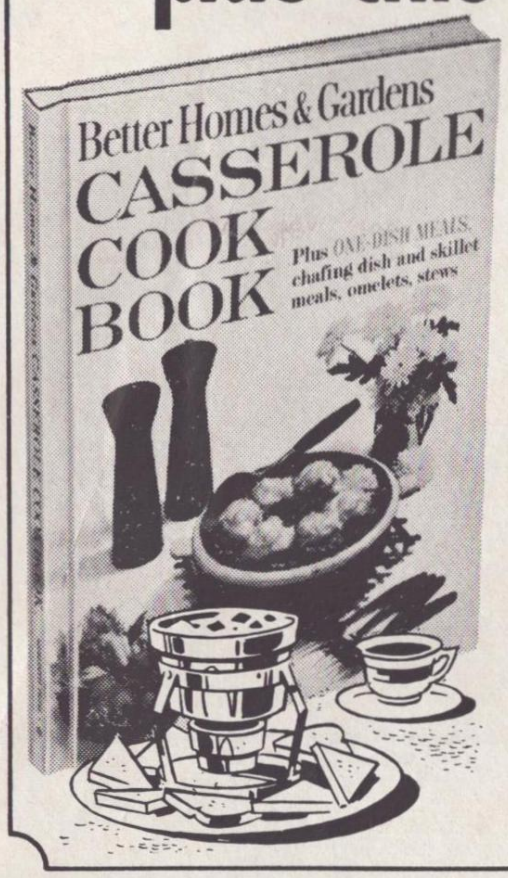

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